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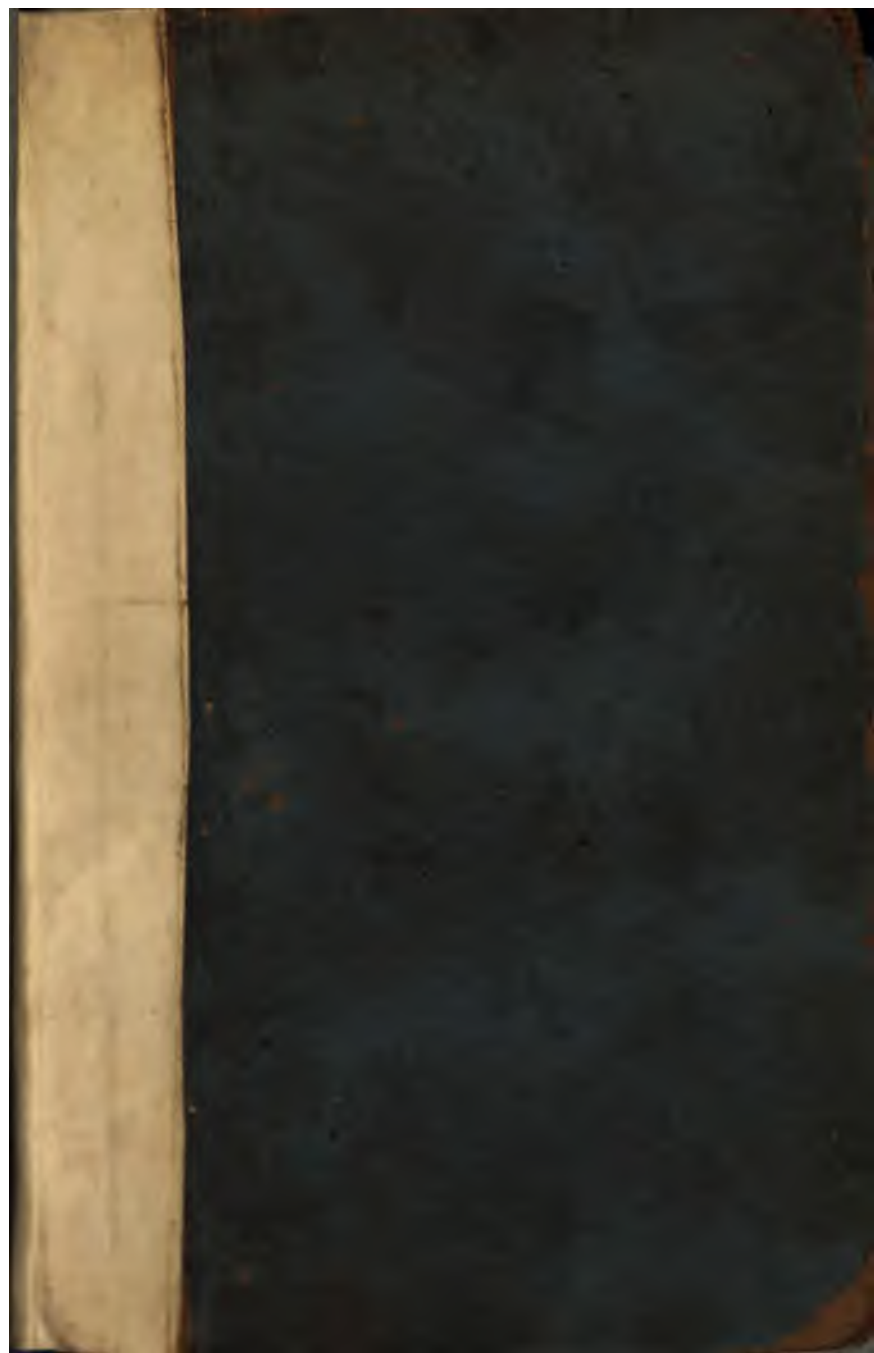
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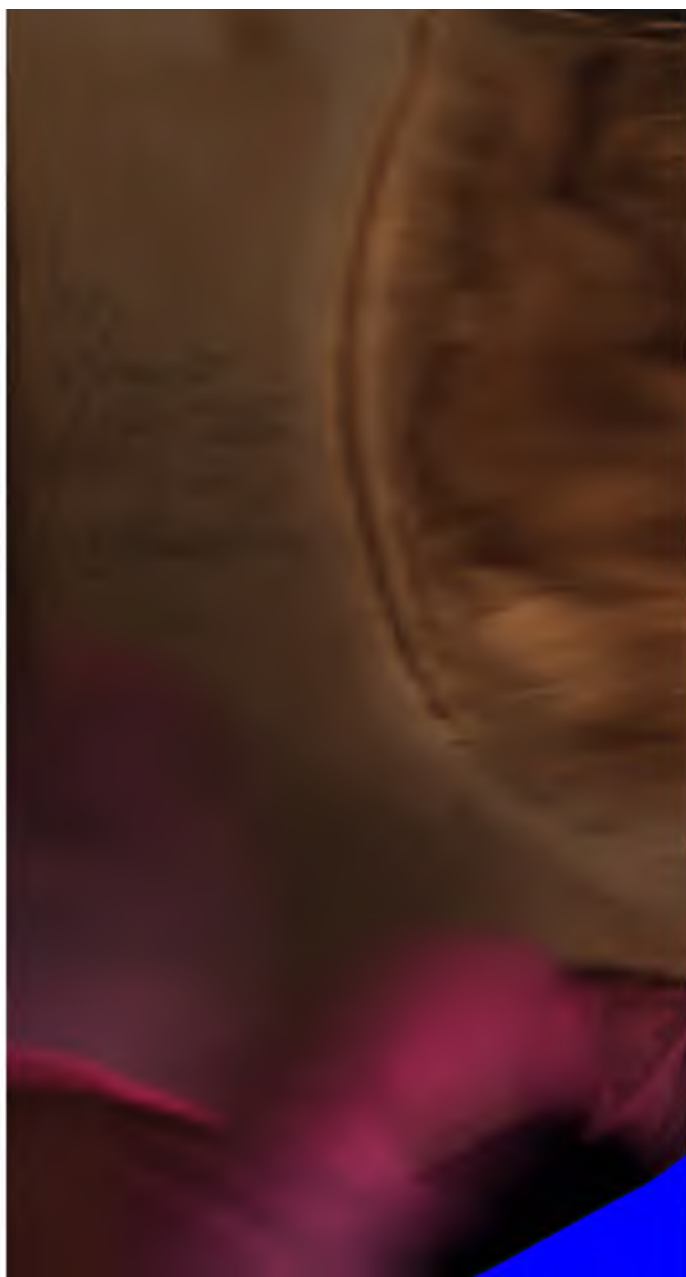
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POEMS & SONGS.



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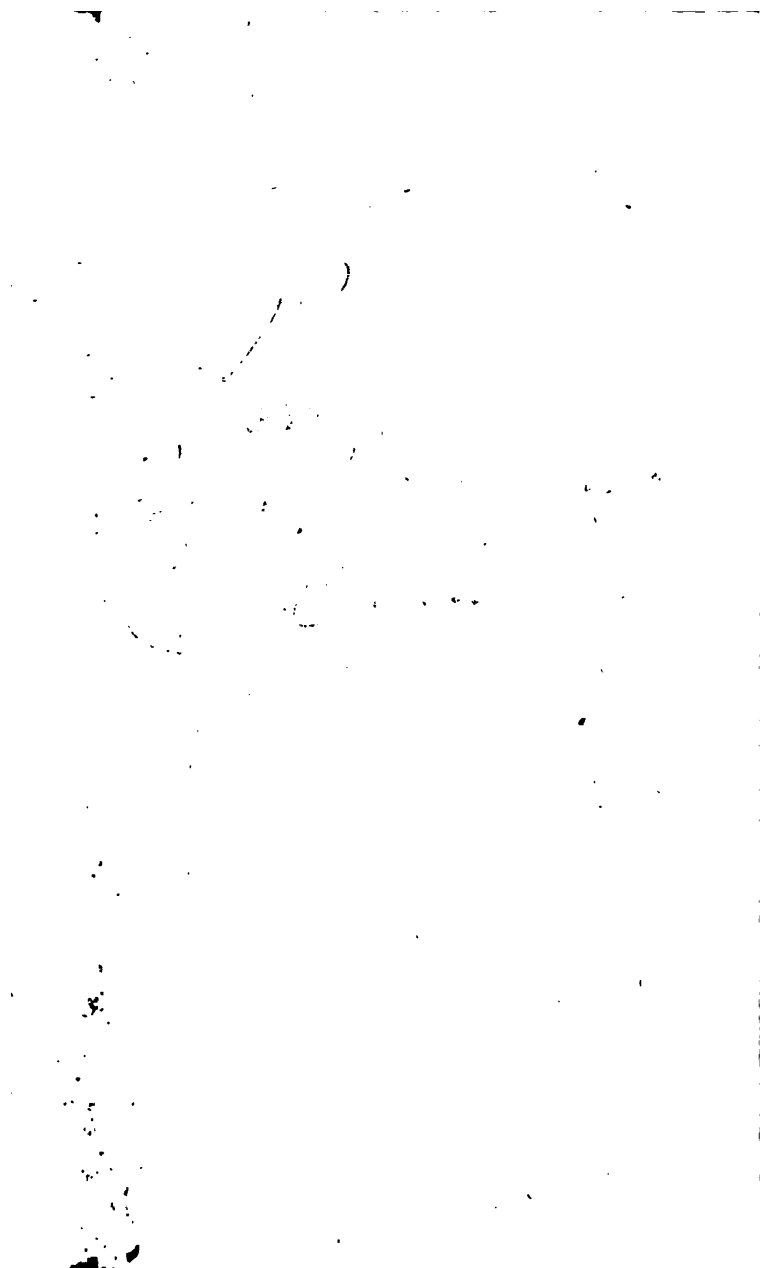
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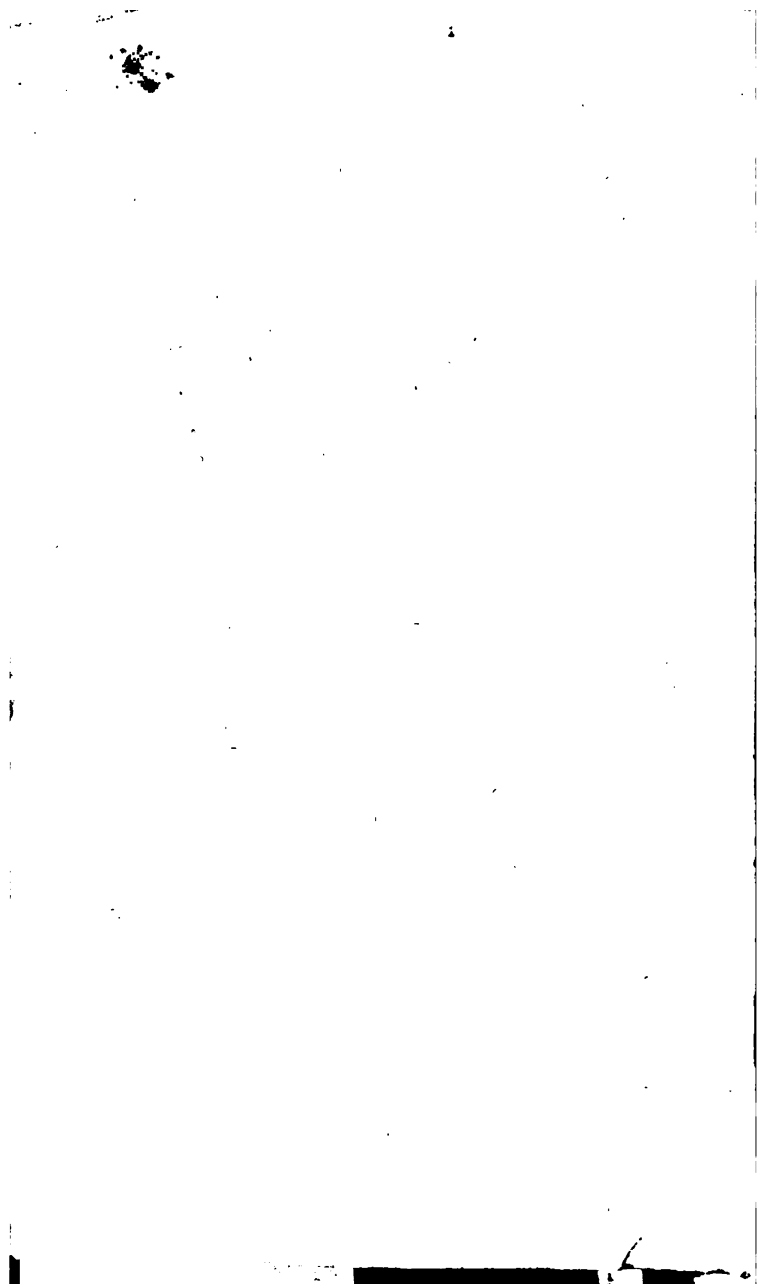
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POEMS & SONGS.





S. C. 3

POEMS & SONGS

BY

ROBERT HETRICK,

DALMELLINGTON.

" Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May reach the heart."
Burns.

AYR:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1826.



P R E F A C E.

THE following Poems and Songs—if they may be so called—are the spontaneous production of an untutored country mechanic, and were written with no intention of coming before the world in the present shape. The songs intended to signalize the events of the last French war came partially before the public through the newspaper-press of the day in an anonymous form, and the incidents they were designed to portray were striking and must be fresh in the recollection of every grown up person. Like the events from which they arose, they seem to have made some impression on the minds of a number of persons, and those persons have befriended the author so far as to cause the whole of them to be brought in this manner before the public.

To say that this publication proceeds from no personal motive would be speaking in opposition to what the

Author internally feels. Humble and unlearned as he is, he is not out of the reach of those feelings which are natural to every author, and which are said to burn strongest in the bosom of an infant and unlettered son of the Muses on making his first appearance on the literary stage. His pretensions, however, are far from being high. If the reader be not gratified to the stretch of his expectation, it is hoped he will have no occasion to regret his loss in a pecuniary point of view; and, although these effusions may not contain the wit and fancy to be found in the writings of some late Poets, it is believed the perusal of them will have no prejudicial influence on the public mind.

The Author feels, and must be allowed to express, his obligations to those from whom subscriptions and assistance have flowed, and certainly he will continue to remember this benevolence with the gratitude it deserves.

DALMELLINGTON, }
31st March, 1826. }

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POEMS.

CRAIGS OF NESS.

A POEM.

OUR Scotian bards have sung of Tweed and Forth,
And number'd every wonder of the North :
The lofty Lomond and the stately Tay
Are sung in many a bold and happy lay.
The wealthy Clyde, the Nith and rolling Dee,
Are famed in many a strain of poetry ;
While ne'er a bard, nor poet of renown,
Has sung the wonders of the roaring Doon ;
Where lochs and linns and mountain tops sublime—
And shelvy rocks abound, unknown in rhyme,
Where beasts of prey their dreary empire hold,
And vultures range the mountains uncontroll'd—

Regardless of the storm that round them blows—
 The summer's thunders or the winter's snows.
 And, tho' her heaths and lochs were noted long
 For fin and feather, the're unknown in song ;
 Nor has that ancient venerable pile,
 Where truth and liberty were wont to smile,
 The shield of valiant Bruce, in days of yore,
 From Edward's vengeance and tyrannic power ;
 Nor has the thundering Ness been honour'd more,
 Where from the Doon her silver torrents pour ;
 With wonder and surprise we here behold
 The yawning glen its dizzy steeps unfold ;
 And art and nature here we see combined,
 Either to please or terrify the mind.
 Doon issuing from her slumbering bed of rest,
 Is downwards through the rocky tunnel prest ;
 Then dash'd against yon shelvy pointed rock,
 Which, unmolested, stands the furious shock,
 And turns the torrent to the other side,
 Which, in its turn, resists the furious tide ;
 Here dashing on the precipices steep ;
 There boiling in the dreadful caverns deep ;
 Now madly raging o'er the ragged linn,
 Mocking the voice of thunder with its din ;
 Bathing the margins with the foamy spray ;
 And thus the tortured waters pass away,
 Leaving the caverns, linns, and rocks behind,
 For banks and channels of a gentler kind,

Where woods and lawns alternate please the eye ;
 With bowers and cottages and streamlets nigh—
 Where music swells in ilka leafy grove,
 In all the charms of harmony and love ;
 And fair Barbeth stands clad in summer green,
 Adds lustre to the wild romantic scene.
 But let me lead your fancy back again
 To view the beauties of this wonderful glen.
 Turn from the terrors of the foamy deep,
 And view the wonders of the rocky steep,
 Where you may nature's varied form survey,
 The grand, terrific, beautiful and gay,
 Here all in wild confusion seem to lie—
 Yet all is order—all is harmony ;
 The hand of Nature every where pervades,
 And blends the barren rocks and verdant shades ;
 Here the huge precipices, bleached and bare,
 Where soil or verdure never did appear ;
 Yonder the rifted rocks, superbly grand,
 Where trees, like dwarfs, in seeming peril stand ;
 Here the brown heath, in Caledonian pride,
 Claiming its birth-right on the shelvy side ;
 There wild flowers deck the rocky steeps on high,
 Breathing their fragrant sweets into the sky ;
 While mountain-berries grow and ripe unknown,
 And fade untouch'd, except by fowls alone.
 The mountain-ash its red, ripe fruit displays,
 Whose beauty mocks the children's anxious gaze ;

There trees inverted, downwards seem to grow,
 To dip their branches in the flood below ;
 Here stands the lofty oak, his country's pride,
 Whose spreading roots the shattered rocks divide ;
 And much we wonder how they are supplied
 With juice, where soil appears to be denied ;
 Yet still our wonder is excited more
 When we survey the All-pervading Power,
 Alike in mountains, rocks, and wilds, display'd,
 As in the fertile dale and blooming shade ;
 And strange it is how this stupendous glen
 Has been so long unknown and hid from men ;
 Even, till of late, 'twas but the arduous few,
 That either its extent or grandeur knew ;
 But now the rocks are cut, and level made,
 A rural walk along the river's bed,
 Where human foot had never trode before,
 Even hoary age can now with ease explore ;
 Can see the rocks projecting o'er his head,
 In lofty grandeur which excites no dread ;
 Can unmolested see the foamy tide
 Wasting its fury on the shelvy side ;
 Can see the vultures from their harbours fly,
 To fright the humbler tenants of the sky.
 And, what would Gainsborough or Salvator please,
 Can see the Doon pass through an arch of trees :
 For, both what terrifies and gives delight
 Are blended in one group unto the sight.

Long may the youth* delight in works like these,
 That almost every class of mankind please ;
 The pride and wonder of his native soil ;
 Perhaps unrivalled in the British Isle ;
 And long may he with rosy health be blest ;
 With sweet contentment reigning in his breast ;
 A public guardian to the public laws ;
 A steady friend unto his country's cause ;
 Still to be ranked in the foremost class
 Of wealth, of honour, and of usefulness ;
 With all the virtues in his breast combin'd
 That honour, dignify, and grace mankind.

* Mr. MACADAM of Craigengillan, a minor, projected and
 has executed the beautifully romantic walk in the Craigs of Ness
 alluded to.

CARSEPHAIRN FAIR

OR THE DEATH OF RODGER DUN.

A BALLAD.

FAIR June, the beauty of the year,
 Resumed the genial sway,
 And nature every where appear'd
 Luxuriantly gay.

The birds sang sweet their morning hymns
 In ilka leafy bower,
 The dew-bells deck'd the grassy blades
 And every opening flower.

When Camlarg strode his stately steed,
 Well-mounted for the way,
 With Carse and Borland by his side,
 Companions of the day.

And quick they rode unto Carsephairn
 The rural fair to join,
 But dark and gloomy were their views,
 And bloody their design.

Young Camlarg vow'd a dreadful vow,
 He never would again
 Return unto his father's ha'
 Till Waterhead was slain.

For Waterhead had spoke in terms
Which Camlarg would not bear,
Hence, vengeance in his youthful breast
Was nurs'd and cherish'd there.

Loch Doon was sleeping on her bed
Around the Castle wa',
Where owls and bats and howling ghaists
Are tenants of the ha'.

Yet still tho' mould'ring are its wa's
And desolated towers,
Here Seaton brav'd, in days of yore,
All Edward's hostile powers.

The sun o'er Cairnsmoor's lofty top
Shot many a golden ray,
Which on the glittering rocks and streams
Refulgently did play.

The cattle and the bleeting flocks
Were stringing frae the lair,
And high among the rifted rocks
The goats were browsing there.

Frae distant hills the shepherds came,
Dress'd in their tartan plaids,
To share the rural revelry,
And meet fair Glenken's maids.

And happy was the youthful train
 To gambol on the green,
 Where fraud, nor guile, nor aught impure
 Did mingle in the scene.

The lairds and tenants far and near
 Did all assemble there,
 To wisely fix on parish laws
 And regulate the fair.

M'Adam came of Waterhead,
 And Craigengillan too,
 With the worthy Baron of Dalquhairn,
 Their friendship to renew.

Portmark the strong, and Garrihorn,
 Murdrocket and Knockgray,
 And Bröcklech good, with many more,
 Came to Carsephairn that day.

How pleasant was the sight to see,
 The youngsters in the reel;
 Their fathers at the flowing bowl
 Still higher joys to feel.

And long the jovial cup went round
 Among the happy core,
 And feuds that stain'd their fathers' name
 Were null'd for evermore.

But, oh ! 'how fleeting are our joys,
 Even when they seem most rare,
 Like dew before the howling storm
 They quickly disappear.

And much as these endearing joys
 Are cherish'd in the breast,
 So is the disappointed heart-
 With grief and woe oppress.

Amidst the revelry and mirth
 A friendly voice did say,
 " Begone, begone, good Waterhead,
 " You must no longer stay.

" For Camlarg he has made a vow
 " This night to murder thee,
 " But mix not with his ruffian band
 " But to your castle flee."

The sage advice he wisely took
 And left the busy fair,
 And shunn'd the vengeance Camlarg swore
 Should overtake him there.

And now the sun in splendor bright
 Had pass'd the mountain's brow,
 And gently verged the western hills
 With mild and ruddy glow.

When Camlarg raving like a wolf
 Outstripped of his prey,
 Remounted with his hostile band,
 Retraced his former way.

The warblers of the Green-well bowers
 Attun'd their ev'ning lays
 In all the varied notes of joy,
 Of melody and praise.

But nought could sooth young Camlarg's breast,
 His fierce wrath to subdue,
 His heart was burning with revenge
 And disappointment too.

He drew his massive polish'd blade,
 And swore in proud disdain,
 His sword should never be unsheath'd
 And bloodless sheath'd again.

For vengeance in a bosom nurs'd,
 Of dark and bloody die,
 Burst like the thunderbolts of heaven
 On ev'ry object nigh.

Then spurr'd his courser furiously
 Along the heathy side,
 Where Rodger Dun the noted whig
 Most courteously did ride.

The vengeance aim'd at Waterhead
 Good Rodger Dun must bear,
 For Camlarg struck him to the ground
 As soon as he came near.

"How durst you raise," good Rodger said,
 "A ruffian hand to me,
 "For Rodger Dun did ne'er conceive
 "An injury to thee.

"Were I as strong as I have been,
 "And arm'd as I would be;
 "Young Camlarg and his ruffian band
 "Durst not encounter me."

They plung'd their sabres in his breast
 That malice never bore,
 And left him gasping in his wounds
 Impurpled in his gore.

Thus fell the famous Rodger Dun,
 Of persecuted fame,
 A patriot for the Church of truth,
 A martyr for the same.

When Claverhouse, malignant strove,
 That worship to destroy,
 Our fathers purchased with their blood
 Its freedom to enjoy.

When many a humble pious flock
 Did to the hills withdraw,
 To worship God and shun the wrath
 Of Clavers and the law.

Then Rodger Dun as bravely strove,
 To have his country free,
 To worship Heaven as conscience taught,
 In peace and harmony.

CONCLUSION.

Slowly stalked the column'd mist
 On yon dark mountain brow,
 And gently stoop'd the lily fair
 To drink the evening dew.

And slowly moved yon mournful band,
 In pious godly fear,
 With weeping hearts to bear along
 The godlike Rodger's bier.

And doleful rang the parish bell,
 As they approached the grave,
 Where they interred good Roger Dun,
 The pious and the brave.

PETITION OF LOCH DOON CASTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CASSILLIS, THE PROPRIETOR.

My Lord, although a right auld friend,
That owre lang has neglected been ;
And, though that better times I've seen,
In days of yore,
Yet ne'er a word did I complain
To you before.

My name is Castle-Doon, you know,
Was built a thousand years ago ;
Who stood the shock of mony a foe,
And mony a war,
Yet never wuld submissive bow
To foreign power.

When Bruce and Wallace bravely strave,
To have the rights which nature gave ;
Would have the flag of freedom wave,
Frae sea to sea, . . .
Or fill the patriot's bloody grave,
And cease to be.

Then your forefathers bravely stood,
 And dared the foe in fields of blood;
 Their country's right, their country's good,
 Their chief delight;
 And never was by foe subdued
 To yield that right.

Then those who ever scorned to yield,
 Though sometimes forced to leave the field,
 A noble bulwark and a shield,
 Found aye in me;
 And thought my shelter and my bield,
 Security.

When civil feuds disturbed the land,
 And strife and death on every hand,
 To wives and weans I was a grand
 And safe abode;
 Nae lawless ruffian-plundering band
 My threshold trode.

But now my walls in ruin lie;
 My rooms are mouldering to the sky;
 Where lonely hems and houlets cry
 Their cauldrie sang,
 Unmix'd with harmony or joy,
 The hale night lang.

O! how it wrings my aching breast,
 To see my roofless halls possessed
 By rooks and ravens—roosts and nests—
 Unlike the core
 Of warlike lords or princely guests,
 In days of yore.

Then look in pity on my case,
 And let me share your lordship's grace,
 Restore me to the rank and place
 I held before ;
 A stay to your illustrious race,
 In days of yore.

There's mony an orra bush, I'm sure,
 'Tween roaring Mennock and Dunure,
 A' which your lordship can procure,
 At easy rate ;
 And then my neighbour-farm, Craiglure,
 Has walth of slate.

There's walth o' stanes amang my feet,
 To make my wa's and a' complete,
 To finish me as snug a seat,
 As snug can be ;
 A rural bonnie safe retreat,
 For sic as thee.

They brag o' glens ayont the Forth,
 An' lochs and mountains in the north;
 The very "wonders of the earth"

The name they gie them;
 And every man of rank and worth,
 Should gang and see them.

But say, what language can express
 The beauties of the thundering Ness,
 Or where's the glen can it surpass
 In stately grandeur;
 It ranks amang the foremost class
 For awful splendor.

There wild woods deck the rocky steep,
 That round the clefts and chasms creep,
 And Doon along the gloomy deep
 In liquid store,
 Gars linn o'er yawning caverns leap
 Wi' dashing roar.

I hae a loch surrounding me,
 Like a great inlet of the sea,
 Lang fam'd in local history
 For famous fish;
 Even princes would not wish to pree
 A better dish.

If courts and states corrupted grow,
And subjects grow rebellious too,
Nae distance is the overthrow
Of sic a state ;
For treachery will strike the blow
In deadly hate.

And when the law is set aside,
To neither check nor be a guide,
And equity, our country's pride,
A' torn to roons,
The sons of rapine would divide
Our very spoons.

Now, should a civil broil take place,
Which God forbid should be the case,
I could protect your ancient race
Frae muckle ill,
If I was, as in ancient days,
A fortress still.

Unto your daughters every ane,
May God send walthy honest men,
Your sons their names I dinna ken,
But sons o' thine
Will bring them to my bosom ben,
As friends o' mine.

Likewise your worthy lovely dame,
 Who bears the Noble Erskine name,
 Exalted high in Scottish fame
 For wit and lear,
 In days of feud might find a hame
 And shelter here.

And should your Lordship deign to hear
 Your humble servant's earnest prayer,
 And manifest a parent's care
 Of ony sort,
 For guidsake then repair, repair,
 Your ancient fort !

The foregoing poem was written in 1820, when Radicalism was prevalent.

MEDICAL FRIEND

ON READING SOME OF HIS POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

Tho' I detest an idle state,
 Both in the lowly and the great ;
 The active, thrifty, honest gaet,
 Is aye the best ;
 But faith I in my conscience hate
 To be oppress.

But, waving all these gloomy views,
 Thinks I, I'll supplicate the muse
 To send some fresh poetic news
 Frae mount Parnassus ;
 Dreading she would the boon refuse
 To sic like asses.

But should her ladyship deny,
 To send your friend the wish'd supply,
 The diel a hair I care, thought I,
 Unto mysel,
 Thro' strength o' ignorance tō try
 And scribble still.

So, therefore, friend, ye may suppose
 My lines a batch o' bedlam prose,
 A hotch-potch hairum-scairum dose
 O' silly matter ;
 The sooner they are at a close
 Sae muckle better.

But yet I hae a comfort still
 To compensate my want o' skill ;
 I ken ye winna tak it ill,
 Whate'er I say ;
 But will forgi'e wi' right gude will
 My simple lay,

I hae been tauld, a set o' rules
 Are gat in colleges and schools;
 (I think they ca' them rhyming tools)
 For spinning rhyme;
 Wi' them the simplest dults and fools
 Can make it prime.

For me nae rules I ever saw;
 Rude nature stands my guide and law;
 I first tak up my reed and bla'
 My notes sae wild;
 Then tired, I throw the reed awa',
 Like ony child.

But tho' sic rules were never mine,
 To mak sae smooth each flowing line,
 I weel can see through these o' thine,
 A lofty lay,
 That if pursued will glorious shine
 Some future day.

Then would the swains o' bonnie Doon
 Rejoice, and keep their hearts aboon,
 And sing your verse to mony a tune,
 In cot an' ha',
 And proudly rate young J——m——n
 Ayont them a'.

And then would Ness's caverned glen,
 Be grandly sung in Burnian strain,
 An' rival Highland dell or den,
 Exalted high ;
 Nor would Dalcairn's roarin' linn
 Unnoticed lie.

And even the moat, for ever green,
 Would in 'your song be greener seen ;
 Where you an' I sae aft hae been,
 In sportive band,
 Till night wad glour wi' sable een
 Out owre the land.

O ! happy are the infant throng,
 Whom guiltless joys preside among,
 They drink the cup of pleasure strong,
 Free of alloy,
 Without the rankled bosom wrung
 By guilty joy.

Our greatest poets aften sing
 To please their nobles and their king ;
 They forth a mighty hero bring,
 A cottar bred ;
 Yet always in the end he'll spring
 Frae some great dad.

Great Ramsay made a Patie shine;
 Home made a Douglas' son divine;
 But where the devil is the mine,
 I ca' it sae,
 That a' the great and mighty line
 At first sprang frae.

Because we're a' taught to believe
 We had ae common minnie, Eve;
 Or could auld daddie Adam have
 A miss foreby,
 To mother kings, and priests, and brave
 Nobility.

'Tis just a blast to please the great;
 To raise them in their own conceit;
 But men, however high their state,
 Are still but men;
 And merely vehicles of fate's
 Unerring plan.

An infant of nobility,
 An' ane o' beggar pedigree,
 If placed upon ae nurse's knee—
 Ae breast to share—
 Like brithers twin will seem to be
 While they are there.

But soon as ane himsel can trace,
 To be a son, an' heir o' grace,
 Sic pride will gather in his face,
 That even his looks,
 Will stowl on a' the human race,
 Save lords and dukes.

Yet wealth and power may ebb and flow,
 As winds in all directions blow;
 A monarch may be doomed to go,
 Down to the block;
 Nor the infuriate rabble slow
 To strike the stroke.

And poets may be bought to sing,
 The praises of a tyrant king,
 And many sad disasters bring
 On people free,
 That would unhinge the sacred spring
 Of liberty!

But, never let sic conduct be
 An upcast or a jibe to thee,
 But sing, in rural mirth and glee,
 Thy native strains;
 And celebrate in poesy,
 Our hills and plains.

And bear an independent mind,
As bold and free as roams the wind ;
Let wit and sentiment, combin'd,
For ever shine,
And fancy bright, wi' reason joined,
Grace every line.

And I will weave my rustic sangs
Out owre the hammer and the tangs ;
There's little mair to me belangs
O' pleasure here,
To bear me up against life's pangs
O' grief and care.

ELEGY.

ON THE

DEATH OF BURNS.

Ye drooping willows of the lonely dale,
 The haunt of those who weep their slighted loves,
 Permit me to sing o'er the mournful tale,
 While I recline among your shady groves.
 And with me, Coila ! weep what thou hast lost ;
 Thy much regarded poet is no more ;
 Thy BURNS, so late thy honest pride and boast,
 Has trode that path his fathers trode before.
 My heart exulted when a bard arose
 To sing sweet Coila into endless fame ;
 Her summer-scented vales and winter snows,
 That ne'er were known by a poetic name.
 Where Irvine, gurgling through her towns of trade,
 In gay meanders sweeps the sandy shore ;
 Where Ayr traverses o'er her pebbled bed
 Until she mingles with the dashing roar.
 And lovely Doon that wanders from the hills,
 Where powerful nature's varied forms appear ;
 Where Ness the mind with admiration fills,
 And grandly thunders all the rolling year :

With these He sung sweet Coila's fertile plains,
 Where Ceres mild her sheafy empire holds ;
 And heathy hills where peaceful shepherd swains
 Conduct their guiltless flocks into their folds.
 There oft our Bard, in hardy, honest toil,
 Would gladly mingle with the rural throng ;
 And, in his much lov'd Caledonian stile,
 Would cheer the rustics with his tale and song.
 Or, when the feather'd songsters of the grove,
 With chearful voices hail'd the ruddy dawn,
 So would our youthful poet early rove,
 And chime his notes across the dewy lawn.
 Or, when the sun his radiant course had run,
 To dart his rays beyond the western main,
 And mild and gentle the refulgent moon,
 Proclaimed to man her modest silver reign ;
 Would Burns oft wander by the river Ayr,
 To court his muse beside the lonely bower ;
 And, happy to be woo'd, the heavenly fair
 Would gladly meet him at the midnight hour—
 There to infuse into his soaring mind
 The heavenly strains of liberty and song ;
 With every graceful ornament combined,
 With every sentimental feeling strong.
 A guardian o'er his youthful days,
 To stimulate his soaring mind,
 And model into sweet harmonious lays
 His just reflections on the human kind.

Alike our bard could paint the blooming shade,
Where hawthorn's scent perfumed the evening gale ;
Where the fond lover met the bashful maid,
To breathe alternately their artless tale.
Or the brave monarch, in his country's cause,
Urging his army to assault the foes,
Resolved to perish with her dying laws,
Or overcome the author of her woes.
Or when his sober mind would grace the lyre,
With sacred verses simple and divine ;
Or with a happy, mild, poetic fire,
Would make his hero in a cottar shine.
But ah ! 'his genius, like the early rose
That spreads its blossom in the April morn,
Before it into sweet perfection grows
To ruin is by fond admirers torn.
But while sweet Coila's liberty remains,
Her homely toils secure a virtuous praise ;
Her nymphs will chaunt, re-echoed by her swains,
His free, expressive and exalted lays.

THE
CRUEL BROTHER,

OR THE
FRAY OF TINTOCK FELL.

O came ye east, or came ye west,
Or frae the mountain glen,
Where my good Lord a-hunting went
With twenty of his men.

He started with the purple dawn,
And scoured along the lea,
To range the glen and upland-wood,
And then return to me.

And twice has the revolving sun
Dipt in the western main,
Yet still my good, my loving lord
Has not returned again.

"Ah! Lady dear," the youth replied,
"My heart is wae for thee,
"Your husband and his twenty men
"You ne'er again will see.

" They rang'd the glen and upland-wood,
" And sprang the bounding roe,
" That like the shadow of the cloud,
" Frae hill to hill did go.

" The gallant youths with eager hearts
" Pursued the nimble deer ;
" But, ah ! they little, little knew,
" Their hapless fate was near.

" How often does the milder sky
" Precede the angry gloom ;
" How often does our dearest joy
" Delude us to our doom.

" Far, far beyond the Tintock fell,
" They caught the panting prey ;
" And, wearied with the lengthen'd chace,
" They leaned them on the ley.

" Some ate the fruit the fields supplied,
" Some drank the crystal spring,
" While others gay, of Bannockburn
" And Flodden-field did sing.

" But, oh ! how oft our dearest joys
" Evanish and decay,
" And leave December's dreary gloom
" Instead of tranquil May.

" For while the echoing horn was blawn
 " To ca' them a' away,
 " Your brother and his warlike band
 " Came prancing down the brae.

" ' Ha ! Vengeance then,' your brother cried,
 " ' For my dear sister's wrang ;
 " ' Yes ! Vengeance I will have this day,
 " ' For I have sought it lang.'

" ' How cruel, cruel would it be,'
 " Your husband then replied,
 " ' To urge a war in deadly feud
 " ' That never can subside.

" ' Who says I wrong'd your sister dear,
 " ' A liar he must be,
 " ' Yet still your vengeance I despise,
 " ' It nought affrightens me.'

" But still your brother scorn'd to hear
 " What your good lord did say,
 " Regardless of what might ensue,
 " He urged the dire affray.

" Your husband's twenty valiant men
 " In battle-order stood ;
 " And soon the grass and crystal rills
 " Were purpled with their blood.

" Yet still they scorned to leave the field,
 " Whatever might betide;
 " And bravely fought and bravely fell
 " By their good master's side.

" The chieftains, too, like lions bold,
 " In dreadful battle closed,
 " And sword to sword, and shield to shield,
 " In madness were opposed.

" Your husband to disarm his foe
 " Had made a dext'rous bound,
 " The faithless grass betrayed his tread,
 " He reeled upon the ground.

" Your brother the advantage took,
 " Your husband to subdue,
 " Relentless raised his hateful sword,
 " And thrust his body through.

" The blood came reeking from the wound
 " The trenching blade had made,
 " And, struggling in the pangs of death,
 " He raised his head and said :—

" ' How could ye thus injure a friend;
 " ' That ne'er offended thee,
 " ' Who doted on your sister fair
 " ' That faithful was to me.

" 'Your sister is my wedded wife,
 " ' And bore a son to me,
 " ' Who, by this worthless deed of thine,
 " ' Must now an orphan be.' "

" His tongue did falter in his mouth,
 " His lips grew like the clay ;
 " Your brother, glorying in the deed,
 " Remorseless rode away."

The lady clasp'd the bonnie babe,
 That fondled on her knee,
 Close to her heaving snowy breast,
 And wept most bitterly.

" Oh ! what is my offence," she said,
 " That I am treated so ;
 " Why punished is my guiltless child,
 " That evil cannot know.

" I left my father's princely ha',
 " Of my ain free accord,
 " All to perform an early vow
 " Of marriage to my lord.

" Whose life was like the drifted snaw,
 " Untainted on the lea,
 " His bosom warm'd with love and truth,
 " And constancy to me.

" But now a widow I must mourn,
" Both wretched and forlorn,
" To weep for those departed joys
" That never can return."

And ay the tears came owre her cheeks,
And trickl'd owre her chin,
And ay she kiss'd the bonnie babe,
That father now had nane.

ANNIVERSARY ODE,

RECITED AT THE BURNS' CLUB HELD IN BURNS' COTTAGE.

In days of yore, a poet of renown
 Was never in our western regions known ;
 Or, if there was a genius of the kind,
 He breathed his lays in silence to the wind ;
 Till youthful Burns inhaled the sacred fire,
 And highly graced the Caledonian lyre.
 He added beauty to the Scottish rhyme,
 And energy unknown before his time.
 The charms of nature flourish in his lays,
 And every line new harmony displays.
 He was no mean nor mercenary bard,
 To flatter power for favour or regard.
 If aught at all his poetry outshined,
 It was the independence of his mind.
 He saw that worth was to no class confined,
 But more or less diffused through all mankind ;
 The humble cottar's son might far excel
 The haughty lord's, and be his cottar still.
 Indeed, our Bard would honour and adore
 The man of worth though he was ne'er so poor.

Despising tyrants, as we all should do,
 That would our rights and liberties subdue.
 'Twas he alone had the unrivall'd art,
 To wing the fancy and to touch the heart ;
 To make us patriots for our country's right,
 And join the ranks of glorious Wallace Wight ;
 Or share in Bruce's troubles, wants, and woes,
 To pour his vengeance on his country's foes ;
 Or tear at Charles Stewart's griefs and pains,
 A vagrant monarch in his own domains.
 In short we know not whether to extol
 The most—his sentimental or his droll—
 His Johnnie Hornbook, Poesie Nansie's core,
 Or Tam o' Shanter's drucken midnight splore.
 His songs of feeling, love, and sentiment,
 Are all unrivalled in the realms of print.
 And see in yonder lonely low abode,
 His cottar dwells, the humble man of God,
 Imploring heaven to keep within his grace,
 And guide through life his uncorrupted race.
 Whate'er our worthy Poet said or sang,
 It seemed to be as if from nature's tongue.
 Oh ! had his genius been matured by age,
 His mind of course, more serious and sage,
 Perhaps th' effusions of his riper muse,
 The godliest mind might with delight peruse.
 But ah ! we little knew his richer bloom
 Was deeply woven with his early doom ;
 That heart that deeply felt for human woe,
 Warm to his friends and friendly to his foe ;

That tongue that had the all enchanting power
 To keep the jocund table in a roar,
 Are cold and silent as the kindred clods
 That wrap his ashes in their dark abodes;
 Yet still those themes his genius did pursue,
 And striking pictures that his fancy drew,
 Will be revered and sung in every clime,
 And forward borne upon the wings of time;
 And every where they'll welcome the return
 Of this proud night on which our Bard was born:
 This night, my friend, we are assembled here
 To reverence his memory so dear—
 To celebrate again with due regard
 The natal night of our illustrious bard.
 Long may we love and cherish in our breasts
 That independence he so strong exprest;
 That love of country and of all mankind
 That was so deep imprest upon his mind.
 And oft may we this holy day renew,
 Where first the breath of life our poet drew,
 With hearts of friendship, harmony and glee,
 To drink one round unto his memory.

EPISTLE TO MR. J. P.

ON RETURNING A BOOK WHICH THE AUTHOR HAD BORROWED
AND KEPT TOO LONG.

Dear Johnnie I have herewith sent
The book which you so kindly lent,
And though it may not make a rent,
'Tween you and me,
Yet still I judge ye're discontent,
In part at me.

But Johnnie if a man transgress,
As all mankind do more or less,
That th' injured man should have redress,
Is clearly seen ;
Yet if the guilty should confess,
He's while's forgi'en.

Now I confess that I was wrang
To keep a borrowed book so lang,
But I forgot it in the thrang
Of my daft projects ;
So ye maun let it drap amang
Forgotten subjects.

And I return my thanks to you,
 For that is but at least my due,
 And would give my opinion too,
 Of Struthers' wit * ;
 But wad you seek auld Scotland through,
 There's nae less fit.

Although I may commit a crime,
 In sometimes spending precious time,
 Composing and in scribbling rhyme,
 Tho' folks mak light o't;
 Far, far removed from the sublime—
 Quite out o' sight o't.

I ne'er assumed such consequence,
 Nor shew'd my downright want o' sense,
 As arrogantly make pretence,
 To critic skill,
 Which while it would give great offence,
 Procures ill will.

But though I cannot rhyme dissect,
 Its faults and frailties to detect,
 Or scatter'd beauties to select,
 That there may lie,
 I can discern what is direct
 Impiety.

* The work in question.

Perhaps your critics may conspire
 To name, in Struthers, want o' fire,
 Without which no one can acquire
 Poetic fame ;
 Yet criticism must admire
 His better aim.

All Bards should form the grand design,
 No moral good to undermine ;
 Nor paint delusive vice to shine
 In colours gay,
 That tend to fascinate mankind,
 And lead astray.

For who can in his mind regard
 The works of a licentious bard,
 Where all that should be much revered,
 Is much despised ;
 And what should be the less preferr'd
 Is aggrandized.

We're apt enough to go astray,
 Altho' we are not taught the way ;
 And better far be simply gay,
 Artless and mild,
 Than sentimental wit display,
 That's grossly wild.

POSTSCRIPT.

My service unto honest Peter,
 That kind, auld social hearted creature,
 Though some grow proud as they grow greater,
 In wealth and fame,
 Sic poison lurks not in his nature ;
 He's ay the same.

Could I light on the secret spell
 To make my metre clink as well,
 As he does at the draughts* excel
 All competition,
 Then I would at the summit dwell,
 Of my ambition.

Last time our volunteers were down,
 Brigading at your burgh town,
 Some sax o' us so proud were grown,
 Of the deep game,
 That we would rob him o' his crown
 O' lang held fame.

And ane there was, that a' the rest
 Acknowledged to be far the best,
 But honest Peter wisely guess'd,
 The odds were sma',
 And when he put it to the test,
 'Twas nane ava.

* Mr. P. is a noted character in draught-playing.

The Boar-Head's wee bit mutchkin stoup
Had fill'd me fu' o' faith and hope,
Thinks I, I'll hae him on the doup .
Or e'er he ken ;
He just came down hap-step-and-loup,
Frae en' to en'.

I tried to get a king or twa,
For kings are folk that's unco braw,
Besides, if I a blow could draw,
They best could strike it,
But deil a ane his board-head saw;
No—naething like it.

At making kings he has a slight—
Kings that can either flee or fight ;
Can march in front, and, when its right,
Can turn and flee ;
Bewilder in the seeming flight,
Poor deils like me,

Besides he has a spunk o' glee,
That has magnetic charms to me,
So harmless, raffing, tairt, and free,
O' spite or guile;
It even would make sour bigotry,
Be pleased to smile.

ON THE DOG TAX.

WRITTEN IN 1800.

'Twas on a time when trade was bad,
 When workmen no employment had,
 And every kind of living dear ;
 Our comfort but like thorn or brier ;
 War with bloody hand embruing
 Each distracted nation's ruin ;
 Each employ their last resources
 To follow up their warlike courses.
 Taxes hunting one another,
 Like holy Jacob and his brother ;
 Each to be first with all his might,
 Sprauchling forth to see the light ;
 Among the rest that did appear,
 Was one on canine kind o' gear,
 Which caused many a useful creature
 To be struck off the list of nature.
 It happened in a country village,
 Where dogs were rather blamed with pillage,
 Although it truly was agreed on
 That the poor animals were lied on.
 Yet that availed nought a va :
 The needy gentry of the law
 Got word of every thing that past,
 And nail'd the owners for't at last.

There was, as ancient story says,
 A time they call the 'Golden days',
 When human vice of every kind
 Was in a certain box confined ;
 When mankind loved one another, .
 As brother ought to love the brother ;
 But then, unto our grief and sorrow,
 There lived an impudent pandora,
 Who happened by chance to see it,
 And got possession of the key o't ;
 And like the rest of perverse creatures,
 That's burthened with inquiring natures,
 Was fond to see what there might be,
 So in the lock she drove the key ;
 But when she up the lid did draw,
 Outsprung the vermin of the law ;
 Like wasps sprung frae the poisoned hive,
 Thro' the earth envenomed drive,
 And every fool they get amang them,
 They never fail to suck and sting him.
 All you who paid the collie tax,
 Will own that I am stating facts.
 It is our nature when opprest
 With evils, for to choose the least :
 I mean when grim oppressive voice
 Permitteth such a thing as choice ;
 So many thought it the best way,
 To kill their dogs and no tax pay.

It happened, tho' its but uncommon,
 A dog could speak as man or woman,
 And when he saw he was to die,
 He thus address'd the company :—
 " When Bonaparte invading, swears
 " He'll crop your monarch by the ears,
 " And with a mighty power advance
 " To make your people slaves of France,
 " It makes your men about the court,
 " Unto the painfu' scheme resort,
 " To press your men by force and ballot,
 " Then gie them on the gun and wallet,
 " And send them into foreign lands,
 " That's in the French and Spanish hands,
 " And there before the cannon try them,
 " Where mony a thousand's shot as I am ;
 " And then to pay the mighty levies,
 " Of your land armies and the navies,
 " The devil haet they'll leave but what's
 " Now taxed, but beggars, priests, and cats.
 " I own its right in every freeman,
 " To pay his landsmen and his seamen ;
 " They merit your sincere applause ;
 " They fight in king and country's cause, }
 " The bulwark of your happy laws. }
 " And when invasion thus alarms,
 " Then every man should carry arms ;
 " And let the proud invaders know
 " Ye'd snig them off at every blow ;

" But then to pay your needy vermin,
 " That's up and down the country swarming,
 " Whose constant wish is, night and morning,
 " To put in force a charge of horning.
 " As happy in their neighbour's woes
 " As I am in a dish of broge.
 " It grieves even dogs to see your cash
 " Devoured amang sic cursed trash ;
 " It certainly was right in court,
 " To tax your useless dogs of sport ;
 " Damn't haet they do but growl and riot,
 " And swallow up the poor man's diet ;
 " The meal they daily sup in crowdy,
 " Should supper mony a working body.
 " But then to tax the useful collie
 " It surely was the height of folly ;
 " And here you see as good a creature,
 " As ever carried canine nature,
 " And not one hour beyond his prime,
 " For this same tax shot out of time.
 " I must confess the tax was paid,
 " But heavy on their hands they laid ;
 " I mean your grubums of the law,
 " May Satan heir them ane and a' ;
 " And take them to his brunstane regions,
 " To smoke up weel their greedy legions,
 " And the iron supple do not spare,
 " But make them gather taxes there."
 By this the fatal trigger drew,
 Death in smoking thunder flew,
 And in its most destructive way,
 Left collie sprauchlin on the clay.

THE

PETITION OF THE RIVER DOON.

To you ye lords and knights and squires,
 Your representatives and heirs,
 I offer up my humble prayers
 And supplications,
 So harken with attentive ears
 My true narrations.

I am the river Doon, whose name
 To public notice has a claim,
 For Burns' great exalted theme,
 Of lyric worth,
 Has class'd me with his spreading fame,
 Throughout the earth.

How lang I've run I dinna ken,
 Thro' moor and dale and loch and glen,
 O'er many a cataract and linn
 I've tumbled forth;
 And yet the blinded sons of men
 Ne'er saw my worth.

Since commerce thro' the land is spread,
 And every town enrich'd with trade,
 It is a shame to have it said,
 The thundering Doon
 Is to the commonwealth a dead
 And useless drone.

Indeed it makes nae odds to me,
 In my rough journey to the sea,
 Whether an intrument I be
 Of wealth and trade,
 Or range the hills and valleys free,
 As I was bred.

But had I run through Lancashire,
 As I do thro' the shire of Air,
 What glorious works would soon be there,
 On my account,
 And yet one single bleachfield here,
 Is all the amount.

There's scarce a strand that feeds the Clyde,
 But drives a wheel with clinking pride,
 Or wimples by a bleachfield side,
 Or feeds canals,
 To every useful end applied,
 As business calls.

Tho' lands may rest secure in peace;
 The patriot's efforts never cease,
 Their country's welfare to encrease,
 Is their delight;
 To mitigate the poor's distress,
 And make them right.

The lord * that dwells beside the sea
 Is much the biggest laird on me,
 But few of noble pedigree
 Are friends to trade;
 For other ends they seem to be
 Exclusive made.

There's good Cathcart, † of worth and law,
 The lord of classic Alloway;
 His better Airshire never saw,
 In nae profession;
 He'll sometime glowr out owre them a'
 In yonder session.

Crawford, ‡ a grand west country name;
 Hunter§ and Gairdner|| just the same;
 And Fergusson¶ enrolled in fame,
 For wit and lair,
 Will neither disrespect nor shame
 My humble prayer.

*Lord Cassillis.
 § Doonholm.

†Lord Alloway.
 || Mount Charles.

‡Doonside.
 ¶ Monkwood

And there's Sir James of Auchendrain,
 Rozelle and a' I count my ain;
 And guide Sir David I might gain,
 Owre to my claims,
 Forbye Barbeth, Keirs, Dounieston,
 And other names.

There's Fullarton, of generous mind,
 The friend, the lover of mankind;
 But O guide Fullarton is blind,
 At least to me,
 To let me thro' his country wind
 So sillily.

And Oswald too, his country's pride,
 Revered thro' all the country wide,
 Has some grand falls upon my side,
 Surpass'd by none;
 And yet he lets my silver tide
 Row heedless on.

Another youth I fondly claim,
 \ Macadam upmost on my stream,
 May years mature the genial flame
 That warms his breast,
 Among the worthiest his name
 Be always class'd.

He has the land of coals and metals,
For making anchors, pipes, and kettles ;
And if the public mind would settle,
As I would hae't,
He could employ a thousand shuttles
On his estate.

SIR JOHN ZICK AND SIR GAEN GILL.

A MOCK HEROIC POEM.

When kings cast out and thrav wi' kings,
 Perhaps about some trifling things,
 Some barren island that upbrings
 Some half-starv'd cattle,
 Even clipping of a midge's wings,
 Will breed a battle.

Then ilka common body cries
 That Kings and Statesmen are not wise,
 They wonna tak their sage advice,
 To grēe thegither;
 But fu o' drink and wrath arise,
 To murder ither.

The blood that fills the Royal veins;
 And souls that centre in their brains;
 Are just the same that clowns and swains,
 And all possess;
 A universal failing reigns,
 The more or less.

When wars amang the great prevail,
 They're just upon a larger scale
 Than that which bodies o'er their ale
 Too oft maintain,
 Or when the aqua-vitæ gill
 Distracts the brain.

The truth of what I'm gaun to say
 Was verified the other day,
 When Sir Gaen Gill, o' gallant sway
 And knightly power,
 Fell furiously in wrath to bray
 John Zick to stoure.

The first ane was a crispin lord,
 Was of the house of Oxenford;
 When English tyranny abhor'd
 The Scottish name,
 They for their country drew their swords,
 And earned their fame.

The next which to the field I'm bringing,
 Was of the house of Killantringan,
 Where ancient shields and swords are hingin
 In triumph there;
 And Johnnie, when he's fu' and singin,
 Is nearest heir.

They both were tradesmen, that is true,
And were not rich, we must allow,
For both were doom'd to shape and sew,
For kail and bread ;
But hell nor earth could blame the two
For guile or greed.

They met out owre a friendly house,
With neighbours in a public house,
Where scores gang in, both quiet and douce,
To drink and clatter ;
Yet mony a ane comes out a goose,
Or little better.

Indeed there's scarce a human soul
But what expands out owre the bowl,
Where fancy soars without control,
Beyond her sphere,
Which afterwards makes hundreds howl,
In black despair.

Gaen bragged o' his strength and lair,
And cash and clothes and other gear,
And swore he'd make them a' appear
 Upon the board;
Gang hame my son and wae fu' dear
 And bring the hoard.

But Johnnie o'er the barley brie,
 Was just as strong and rich as he,
 Besides, a foot he would not flee,
 For Gaen or ony,
 So Gaen to this would not agree,
 But struck at Johnnie.

They fought like lions in the field,
 Or combatants wi' sword and shield,
 And no a ane o' them would yield
 Unto the ither,
 Altho' their nieves o' skin were peel'd
 On ane anither.

John raised himsel' upon his toe,
 And brought at Gaen a swinging blow,
 And then he cried "my mortal foe"
 Wi' a' his strength,
 "Ye see my worthy friends how low
 " He's faun at length."

And yet he bore a greater mind
 Than be to human misery blind;
 He thought if men were half refined,
 As men should be,
 They would be gentle, friendly, kind,
 And aye agree.

Such were the falls of kings before us,
 As Hector great or mighty Porus,
 Or he who cross'd the famed Bosphorus,
 Wi' pride elated,
 But fled before the foe inglorious
 And sore defeated.

But gallant Gaen would never flee ;
 Was far aboon a trick so wee ;
 His manly soul would ne'er agree,
 To lea'e the field,
 But, warrior-like, would rather die
 Ere he would yield.

Lament him all ye rakes and beaux,
 He's fa'en amang his mortal foes ;
 Ye see an end of all his woes,
 In his last breath,
 His bloody eyes are at a close—
 To close-in death.

No more ye'll see him hail the morn,
 At the bow-gang or Archie's thorn,*
 Sauntering like a guest forlorn,
 To troll the wave,
 For soon ye'll see him slowly borne,
 Down to the grave.

* Good fishing places on the water of Doon.

But feel his pulse, 'tis beating higher ;
 His manly bosom burns with ire ;
 His eye ball flashes living fire,
 A mournful preface,
 That Johnnie's nose will kiss the mire,
 Within a trace.

When up sprang Gaen and down fell Jock ;
 He thrash'd him like a smiddy block ;
 His nieves were hard as ash or oak,
 And quick as lead,
 Which powder sends after moor-cock
 Or maykin breed.

He swore no mortal, inch and size,
 Was fit wi' him in fame to rise ;
 But when he saw Jock's deathly eyes
 Had fixed their station,
 His mind was filled wi' dread surprise
 And consternation.

Then down he sat upon the grun',
 And cried and wept for what was done ;
 Wacfu' thing your race was run ;
 I'll ay lament
 That ye, thro' even-out drink an' fun,
 To death was sent.

But Jack tho' fell'd, he was-na slain;
 He sprauchled to his feet again
 And fought wi' a' his might an' main,
 Through blood and glaur,
 And, like a Nelson, did maintain
 The doubtful war.

The neighbours who were looking on,
 Were griev'd at seeing what was done,
 So this took Gaen and that took John
 And rede the pair;
 Syne ratified a royal bond
 Of friendship there.

The worldly wise, in canting style,
 Would reprobate and ca' them vile,
 A plaguing nuisance to our isle,
 Who drink their means;
 While they for cash would even beguile
 The best o' frien's.

And yet it must not be denied,
 That we go wretchedly aside
 To feed a landlord's guts and pride,
 Wi' our profusion,
 Who turn us to the world wide
 In the conclusion.

Yet ilka deadly feud or quarrel,
 Springs not frae bottle, jar, or barrel ;
 See matron wives at seventy snarl,

Wi' ane anither,
 And, like as many furies, hayr!
 The hair frae ither.

Even kings, like Gaen and Sir John Zicket,
 Cast out and fight till haith are lickit,
 Till scarce a sodger's left unsticket,

In either nation,
 Then ram their heads in war's last wicket—
 Negociation.

WALLACE'S ADDRESS

TO HIS

COUNTRYMEN

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Rise ye patriots of freedom ;
 Rise to have your country free ;
 Her independent legions lead them
 Unto glorious victory.
 To have again the sacred right
 That Nature gives alike to a',
 That every bosom may delight
 In equal liberty and law.
 See your kindred population
 Starving on their native soil ;
 Drudgery their occupation,
 Unrewarded for their toil.
 See the Nobles of the land,
 Who should our grand protectors be,
 Urging forth a hostile band
 To rob us of our liberty.
 We could fight a foreign foe
 Upon the war's empurpled plain,
 And either strike the victor blow
 Or fall among the bloody slain.

But how our bosoms are distress'd,
The sword of vengeance for to draw ;
To plunge it in the traitor's breast
Who sells his country's right awa.
See the Stuart and the Graham,
That ne'er would to proud Edward bow ;
And thousands too of lesser fame
All slaughtered by the tyrant foe.
But thine the fault ; O Cumbernauld ;
For ever curs'd thy name shall be ;
Thy shameful treachery and fraud
Has slain thy country's liberty.
Yet still my friends we'll disregard
The traitor wretch whoe'er he be ;
For every traitor we have spared
We nurse another enemy.
We'll plunge the sabre in his breast,
That hates to see his kindred free ;
And have our country's wrongs redressed,
Or perish with her liberty.

THE

HARES IN COUNCIL.

'Twas when December dark, again
 Resumed his sullen dreary reign,
 The north wind frae the tractless main
 Did keenly blaw,
 And every hill and every plain
 Were clad in snaw.

The flocks upon the mountains bred,
 Had to the distant valleys fled,
 There to be sheltered and fed,
 Wi' pious care,
 Yet no heart felt, and no heart bled
 For the poor hare.

Beyond a mountain's summit high,
 A trembling band of hares did fly,
 Each to evade a tracker's eye
 And murdering gun;
 And when they deem'd no danger nigh,
 They all sat down.

Torn down wi' hunger, grief, and toil,
 No visage wore the pleasant smile ;
 And each in silence gazed awhile
 Upon the rest ;
 Which spoke in an expressive style,
 They were distress'd.

At length one of superior age
 The rest's attention did engage,
 Who seemed to be a kind of sage
 Among the hares,
 And read the melancholy page
 Of their affairs.

" My friends," quoth he, " and kindred dear,
 "'Tis by distress we're gathered here ;
 " Where'er we go dread want appears
 " Bright to the view,
 " And persecution in the rear
 " Abides us too.

" There's scarce a creature that I know,
 " But seems to be our mortal foe ;
 " And yet with us it is not so,
 " We injure none ;
 " No malice in our bosoms flow—
 " No, not to one.

" Should we in lawns or meadows stray,

" And frisk amang the verdure gay,

" Nae langer we're allowed to stay.

" Than we are seen ;

" But hunted by some pup away

" Wi' proud disdain.

" And still it must be understood

" That we should have our daily food ;

" Since Nature kindly has allowed

" We all should live ;

" Then why should man usurp the good

" That Nature gave.

" You all may know as well as I,

" When storms are scowling through the sky,

" And snows in great profusion lie

" In every place ;

" And famine's seen in every eye—

" In every face.

" Then should we to the garden hie

" To seek of food a short supply,

" Our greatest foes the poachers lie

" In ambush there,

" To shoot, or treacherously destroy,

" The guiltless hare.

" Of all the enemies I know,
 " The poachers are our greatest foe ;
 " The kind, the warm, pathetic glow
 " They do not feel ;
 " Their hearts are callous unto woe,
 " As hard as steel.

" Should they think on our trembling train,
 " Half starved on the grassless plain,
 " The cold black nights, the snow and rain,
 " We're doomed to face,
 " It would their causeless wrath restrain
 " Against our race.

" The gentlemen, it would appear,
 " More lenient are unto the hare ;
 " They take a most peculiar care
 " O' a' our breed,
 " To have us frae the poacher's snare
 " And slaughter freed.

" But does it not their laws disgrace,
 " And all their seeming good deface,
 " That makes a free, offenceless race,
 " Their own by right,
 " To torture in the brutal chase.
 " For their delight.

" I have been started by the morn,
 " And hunted sair wi' hound and horn,
 " Far frae my native country torn,
 " Ne'er to return,
 " And left an infant race forlorn,
 " Their loss to mourn.

" And what's the odds to you and me
 " What kind of death we're doomed to die;
 " Whether we're starved upon the lea
 " Or poachers catch us,
 " Or life's last cup of torment dree
 " Among the wretches."

By this the sun was edging o'er
 The hills beyond Kirkoswald shore;
 The mirky night began to pour
 Her drifting clouds,
 That on the barren mountains roar
 Wi' angry thuds.

The preses trembling wi' despair,
 Dismiss'd them a' wi' pious care,
 And kindly warned them to take care
 O' dog and gun,
 And every other wile and snare
 Beneath the sun.

O N D E B T.

O Debt! thou dread and terror of my soul,
 Father of misery to a heart like mine,
 'Tis thou alone canst make me weep and howl,
 Thou pest of blessings, human and divine;
 Thy brother, poverty, we hate to see,
 With could-rife habit sneak about our door;
 Yet even with him we partly can agree,
 But thee our hearts eternally abhor.
 Thy Lord, I mean, to whom I am in debt,
 His presence haunts me wheresoe'er I go,
 Even at the church he has me firmly set;
 His craving eye can pierce my bosom through.
 And when he craves, though gentle be the crave,
 Disdain there lurking in his eye I see;
 And if there be a hell adist the grave,
 They must be damned that are in debt like me:
 If drink at all give Lethe unto our debts,
 At times to screen us from the clamorous growl,
 No wonder then we study to forget
 Our prassing miseries in a flowing bowl.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

LATE REV. DUNCAN M'MYNE,

MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF BALMELLINGTON.

Ye villagers, gay as the rosy morn,
 Whom human misery never did assail,
 And ye who mourn your wayward fate forlorn,
 With heavy hearts one common loss bewail,
 For he who taught the human heart to feel
 For all the varied scenes of human woe,
 Alas ! is silent in the lowly cell—
 Is mingled with our kindred worms below.
 The poor will see their best of friends no more :
 No more society its cheerful pride :
 No more displayed that captivating power,
 That was by all admired, by all envied.
 No more we'll see our eloquent MACMYNE,
 The congregation rousing with surprise ;
 No more the powers of rhetoric combine,
 To wake the conscience that in deadness lies ;

Or soothe the heart that's sinking under woe ;
 Or teach the humble to be humble still ;
 Or make the doubtful all his doubts forego,
 And be resigned to his Creator's will.
 O how we were delighted to behold
 His passing powers of eloquence displayed ;
 The mazy lot of mankind to unfold,
 Life's chequer'd scenes of joy and grief pourtrayed.
 " My brethren," would our reverend pastor say,
 " Shut not your eyes against the clearest light,
 " And suffer not the labours of the day
 " To be accomplished in the darker night.
 " And bear the troubles of this present life
 " With a heroic dignity of mind ;
 " Nor in your bosoms harbour rancour'd strife,
 " But cherish love and peace with all mankind.
 " No doubt the injuries which man receives
 " From man accumulate his heart-felt woes ;
 " But he that truly from his heart forgives
 " 'Tis only he that overcomes his foes.
 " Behold our blessed Saviour from above,
 " Teaching the ways of truth, of light, and joy,
 " In all the grandeur of redeeming love,
 " Forgive the wretch that would his life destroy.
 " Even trace him to the dreadful cross of death,
 " The hour and power of darkness to subdue,
 " Imploring mercy with his latest breath,—
 " ' Forgive them : for they know not what they do.' "

Thus would our pastor teach his little flock
 The duties so essential to mankind ;
 And all he to his congregation spoke
 Were the effusions of an upright mind :
 And all the doctrines that his Master taught,
 He taught them all with a resistless sway ;
 And all he preached, as public pastors ought,
 He, as a pupil, meekly did obey.
 And when he did rebuke the blushing fair,
 For faults, alas ! too common to their kind,
 Resentment ceased to be a passion there,
 For pity solely governed then his mind.
 But taught that frailty was the lot of all ;
 And cruel, cruel must that people be
 That would rejoice in a poor mortal's fall,
 Whilst they themselves are not from falling free.
 Yet all the virtues and transcendant powers
 That in his life did eminently shine,
 Could not avert th' inevitable hour
 In which to clay-cold death all must resign.
 But sure the heart that felt for human woe ;
 That feeling bosom wrung for every crime ;
 That soul that prayed for all mankind below,
 Must rest for ever in a heavenly clime.

And worth, like health, alas ! is little prized
 Until no more we feel its genial ray,
 Then sigh and weep we were so ill advis'd
 To pass such blessings unimproved away.

But good M^cMURRAY thy memory is dear :
Dear to the villagers ye dwelt among ;
They still remember, with the falling tear,
Those heavenly precepts that ye taught so long.
And long thy memory will be revered
By all who knew the reverend Divine ;
Thy best of hearts the monument has reared,
Which will to latest ages brightly shine.

THE
POET'S PILGRIMAGE

TO
EDINBURGH
DURING THE KING'S VISIT.

—
When the King paid a visit to Scotland,
Its brave ancient people to see, sir,
From Berwick to Orkney and Shetland,
They were happy as happy could be, sir :
Then people of every description,
From his Grace to the poor silly clown, sir,
Went to Edin to give him reception,
And welcome the King to his own, sir.

A Bardy, a poor simple bardy,
I went with the rest of the crowd, sir,
With naething but ae yellow Geordie
In my pocket most sicklerly stow'd, sir :
I viewed a' the wonders of Edin,
Where her forts and palaces stood, sir ;
Was surprised at sic thousands paradin,
And how all the bodies got food, sir.
I waited in Edin with patience,
The royal procession to see, sir ;
For, to see the good King of our nation,
Was a treat quite unequalled to me, sir.

But the day it was squeamish and hazy
Which made all the people afraid, sir :
That the King would grow frighted or lazy,
And would not attend the parade, sir.

I thought how the Stuarts and Bruces,
The mountains speel'd fleet as a roe, sir,
For their own and their country's distresses,
When they pour'd out their wrath on the foe, sir :
I wondered if Kings now a-days
Could sic hardships and straits undergo, sir;
A country from thralldom to raise,
Or at tyranny strike sic a blow, sir.

I saw the braw Clans of the North,
Their costume and banners display, sir,
Like their fathers, of honor and worth,
In the battle's destructive array, sir :
I saw the merry Andrews of war,
With their tuckers, their bibs, and their bow, sir,
But the Greys were the bravest by far
Who strike terror and death to the foe, sir.
I next saw the Gardeners paradin,
Each dress'd in his best sunday suit, sir,
Displaying the emblems of Eden
Before lady Eve ate the fruit, sir :
And the rest of the Trades in succession,
Were martiall'd in gaudy array, sir,

To guard safe the Royal procession
Of our King to the castle that day, sir.

I saw the great Bard of our country,
At the royal procession preside, sir,
And cheer'd by the nobles and gentry,
As a national honor and pride, sir :
But he met with a mighty disaster,
For the glass,* as a relic divine, sir,
Which he got from his bountiful Master,
Went to shivers and spill'd all the wine, sir.

I saw the brave worthy descendants
Of the heroes and chieftain's of yore, sir,
Whose valour procur'd independance
Which we're bound to protect and adore, sir :
The Hamilton, Douglass, and Hay,
With many Scotch names of renown, sir,
Did join the procession that day
For to welcome the King to his crown, sir.
But, heavens ! how I was disappointed
In what I was fondest to see, sir,

* It was said the great Poet went to the barge in Leith Roads, and, on being presented to his Majesty, was politely treated to a glass of wipe. The Poet asked his Majesty to favour him with the glass as a relic, and it was granted, but it was accidentally broken.

For the King of our country anointed
 I scarce got a glance of his e'e, sir :
 I had heard of the glory of kings,
 And that glory I meant to approach, sir,
 But mine eyes could behold nae sic things,
 The coach was remarkably low, sir.

I got a sma' peep at the banquet,
 Nae priest nor professor was there, sir,
 For the Knight* took it ill to be ranked
 Amang sic a bevy of lair, sir :
 And the Knight grown so proud of his post,
 And the power and the glory he bears, sir,
 That his friendship's eternally lost
 In his love to his King and his peers, sir.

Auld Scotland, my bosom is warm
 To the auld ancient customs of thine, sir,
 I fondly revere all thy forms,
 And would wish even thy King were divine, sir :
 But I saw that a king was a man,
 And that men of the highest degree, sir,
 When their power and their money were gone,
 Are poor silly bodies like me, sir.

* The Provost of Edinburgh was knighted on this occasion.
 It was remarked that few or none of the Professors of the
 College were at the Royal banquet.

ON THE
NEWS OF AULD JAMIE'S DEATH.

'Twas on a pleasant afternoon
Sometime within the month of June,
When twa auld bodies near-han done,
Wi' even-out wearing,
Baith gane into a very roon,
And dull o' hearing.

The tane a hairum-scairum blade,
A dumping weaver to his trade,
And though he was but country bred,
He aye was gabbin;
The name that he got frae his dad,
They say was Robin.

The tither bore our monarch's name,
And never did affront the same,
Would blush to hear his neighbour's fame
Borne down wi' spite;
His auld leel heart in sickan game
Ne'er took delight.

**Auld Geordie's lips like paper grew ;
His cheeks forgot their wonted hue ;
A heavy, heavy sigh he drew,**

Right sair distress'd ;

"Hech! he's been troubled lang; but now

"He's won to rest.

“ Content to rove wi’ ane anither

" We sported early life thegither ;

" Even manhood's cares could neither wither,

"Nor friendship stay,

"Till surly age their elder brither

"Drive baith away."

"Indeed," quoth Rab, "the life of man

"Lies in a small contracted span,

"Where heedless youth leads on the van

"With manhood near,

" And age, according to the plan,

" Drives up the rear.

" When gentle summer's scented breeze

"Does every tranquil bosom please,

"Then youth the happy season sees

"So gaily drest,

"And speels among the glens and trees

"In pleasure's quest.

" Perhaps the hand-balls supple play ;
 " Or quoits are pastime for the day ;
 " Or angling in the windings gay
 " O' bonnie Doon ;
 " Or thro' the verdant meads to stray
 " The summer noon.

" Whatever pastime was in glee,
 " Where jokes were gaun sae rife and free,
 " The jokes auld Jamie pass'd on me
 " Were ill to bear ;
 " They were sae witty, and sae slee
 " And sae severe.

" And when the North her power awakes
 " To whirl forth her snowy flakes,
 " And yatter up the lanes and lakes
 " As firm's a vice,
 " With pure transparent limpid cakes
 " O' solid ice.

" When all the happy curling train,
 " Assembled on the glassy plain,
 " A parish right for to maintain,
 " In curling fame ;
 " Or bachelors and married men
 " Contest the game.

" Then Jamie would come stepping owre
 " And gently rattle at the door ;
 " ' Rab there are far aboon a score,
 " ' Out owre the knowe,*
 " ' We'll mix among the curling core
 " ' As lang's we dow.'

" Upon the ice he'd ne'er regard
 " The smile or frown of lord or laird ;
 " Wad skite the spittle o'er his baird
 " And snuff his grethin ;
 " And strike a blow or lay a guard
 " Wi' ony breathing.

" He was a man o' mickle worth,
 " As dwelt adist the river Forth,
 " Yet mony a trick he played on earth,
 " To thee and me ;
 " But that is nought, he's got his birth
 " Where e'er it be.

" The lovely Doon may cease to roll ;
 " The northern blast may skreigh and howl ;
 " But I'll ne'er cease, good honest soul,
 " To think on thee,
 " And the sly jokes that, owre the bowl,
 " Thou past on me."

* The road to the ice was over a knowe.

Quoth George, "I lately went to see him,

"And twa three hours I cracked wi' him;

"I could na think to come and lea'e him,

"He was so keen;

" 'Nanse,' quoth he, 'a toothfu' gie him,

" 'My honest frien'."

"I got the glass into my nieve,"

"And just was gaun to tak my leave,

"But oh! how it his heart did grieve

"To part wi' me;

"He prest my han' and said, 'believe

" 'Me, I maun die."

"And yet for a' that he had spoken,

"He could na quat his funnie joking,

" 'George' quoth he, 'we'll surely slocken

" 'Our drouth thegither;

" 'I hope, ere lang, we'll soon be rocking

" 'Fu' wi' ither."

"But oh! the thread of life was sma',

"Just ready for to snap in twa,

"It dought na thole a single draw

" 'For fear 'twad skelp;

"Nor could he turn him frae the wa'

" 'Till he got help."

" He has been frail this mony a day,
 " Tottering to the house of clay ;
 " And since our frien' has won his way
 " And left us baith,
 " Let us not foolishly betray
 " Ourselves at death.

" The giddy rounds of life are o'er,
 " Its trifling things can please no more ;
 " The joys that tasted sweet before
 " Are bitter now,
 " And soon will bid the loud uproar
 " The last adieu."

By this the sun, so bright and gay,
 Far to the west withdrew the day,
 The twa auld bodies crap away
 And left the field,
 Yielding to great Nature's sway
 Where all must yield.

PER CONTRA.

Rejoice with me each happy son
 That lives in great Dalmeallington,
 Remember it was a' in fun,
 For Jamie's living ;
 Step in and see : as sure's a gun
 He's sitting weaving.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. HAIR.

'Twas on the night of Hogmanay,
That night preceding New-year's-day,
Which honest folk devote to play
And festive cheer,
To welcome, in their country's way,
Another year.

That vera night good Mr. Hair
Was resting in his easy chair,
At peace with mankind every where
Throughout the land,
But little, little was aware
Death was at hand.

Thinking that by to-morrow's sun
Another current year was won ;
Anticipating mirth and fun,
In friendship gay,
But ah ! his race of life was run :
He ne'er saw day.

When any of our neighbours die,
It wrings our hearts we know not why ;
Perhaps we tear, perhaps we sigh,
At Nature's call ;
Yet never dream the dangers nigh
To us at all.

Even Mr. Hair was hale and fier,
He had been sae for mony a year,
And little thought his kindred dear
So soon would have
The painful task to drap a tear
Out o'er his grave.

When Death had up his arm to throw
The dart that laid his lairdship low,
"O will I strike" quoth he, "or no,"
Unto himsel',
"His death will breed mair din and woe
Than tongue can tell."

But then the nick o' time was nigh
That honest Mr. Hair must die ;
Death gave the wink as he past by
His easy chair,
Was followed without grudge or sigh
By Mr. Hair.

Lang he dodded up and down,
Amang his neighbours thro' the town,
And when they miss'd his wonted roun',
O' tale and crack,
Each hour seem'd like a day in June
Till he came back.

The life he led upon the whole,
Displayed an undesigning soul,
Though some would say his self-controul
Was weak indeed ;
The love he bore unto the bowl
Was half his creed.

He had his failings, that is true,
For all mankind have faults enow,
But search his doings, through and through,
Credit and debtor;
'Tis likely you will find but few
Are muckle better.

The rich man's virtues cleatly blaze,
And almost perfect are his ways ;
For all he does and all he says
Are just a law,
To sycophants who loudly praise
Them ane an' a

But strip him o' his warl's gear,
 His faults will instantly appear,
 And those who would his counsels hear
 And catch his favours,
 His want o' breeding cannot bear,
 And senseless havers.

Thus Mr. Hair was born a laird,
 By all the country wide revered;
 But when his riches disappeared,
 His sense took flight,
 And never afterwards was heard
 To speak aright.

Gentle reader, whoe'er you are,
 Of false appearances beware,
 And learn from honest Mr. Hair,
 That warl's gear,
 May, though it brightly seem to glare,
 Soon disappear.

And those who were your bosom friends,
 At least for servile, selfish ends,
 When cruel, hard misfortune rends
 Your bosom through,
 Will then to make complete amends
 Desert you too.

SIMPLE SANDY,

OR THE

POOR MAD BOY

As I chanced to stray to the skirts of the city
 When Phœbus in clouds was withdrawing the day,
 I saw a poor orphan-boy craving the pity
 And alms of the strangers who pass'd on the way.
 His thin ragged garments ill suited the weather,
 For January's cold frosty winds then did blow,
 The loud howling tempests were wheeling together
 The white wreathing mountains of thick drifted snow.
 The rich who know nothing of life but its pleasures,
 Ah! little can feel for the child of distress,
 Who dash at assemblies, devouring their treasures,
 To sweeten the cup of their fancied bliss.
 While poor simple Sandy sat weeping, bemoaning
 His hapless condition the whole winter's day; [him,
 He would greedily grasp at the pence that were thrown
 And then would he childishly cast them away.
 Wild foaming he'd shriek in the bitterest anguish,
 His eye-balls around in their sockets would roll, [guish,
 Till his spirits were softened, and then he would lan-
 And weep as the phrenzy affected his soul.

Then mild as a lamb he repeated his story,
 From grief and distraction when shall I be free ;
 The sun that gives bliss to the rich in their glory,
 Ah ! seldom alas ! bringeth pleasure to me.
 At times when my fancy's unclouded with sorrow,
 The bright beams of reason revisit my brain,
 I'm as happy's the lark when she welcomes Aurora.
 Can leap like the roe when she bounds on the plain.
 And freely I share the alms left by the feeling,
 With the poor helpless wretch my companion in woe,
 At each tale of pity my bosom is swelling
 And grieved for the orphan barefooted in snow.
 But ah ! the transitions are sudden and cruel,
 The visions of horror arise in my mind,
 And precious contentment, that fair heavenly jewel,
 Is driven before them as fleet as the wind.
 The grim, horrid spectres each other pursuing,
 And every new spectre adds horror to me,
 Till my fancy is whirled in the vortex of ruin,
 Still striving for freedom but never is free.
 And you the spectators who hear my narration,
 Who weep at the woes of the wretched and poor,
 Permit not the crowd to add wounds to vexation,
 My sorrows already are ill to endure.
 But He who gave Sandy his lot with the lowly,
 Will place him at last into happier climes.
 While the wretch who delighted in nothing but folly
 Must reap the reward that is due to his crimes.

What's a' this bustle in the clachan,
Nae langer drowned in mirth and laughin,
Is't 'cause some farmer's wrangled his pechan
At some drunk frolic ;
Or some auld weaver spewed his bröchan
And tane the colic.

Or 'cause that oracle of sense,
Of reason, wit, and eloquence,
Whose powers are suited to convince
The dullest harns,
Is gaun to maké his residence
At Royal Barns.

No, tho' his native powers of mind
Are ornamental to mankind,
Yet should he gang, we soon will find
Ane for the birth,
Tho' we are to his merits blind
And matchless worth.

But poor wee Jamie Gowdie's gane,
He died upon a moor his lane,
And life's last comforts there was nane
To gie him there;
To keep him warm and steek his e'en
As death drew near.

Had some great lord or earl's son
Be'en found dead on a moor alone,
All ranks of life would sigh and mean
The news to hear,
Whilst for poor Gawdie scarcely one
Emits a tear.

Blush Common Sense, and hide your head,
Ye're little ~~reverenced~~ indeed,
Our vera feelings must be led
By those above us,
Whilst that man's woes, who's poorly bred,
Can scarcely move us.

But rest poor Gowdie in the grave,
The world durst not ca' thee knave;
'Twas true y.e drank, and wadna save
A single shilling,
But that's our duty to forgive,
'Twas but your failing.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN TENNENT, ESQ. GLENCONNER.

Ye who feel for other's woe,
 Who sympathize for other's pain,
 Or mourn for real worth laid low,
 And mingled in the dust again.
 And ye who honesty revere,
 As the best principle in man,
 Must now lament and drap a tear
 For honest, auld Glenconner gane.
 A tried and trusty frien' was he,
 A kind, indulgent husband too;
 A better parent could not be,
 And in every point of view.
 He was an honest man indeed,
 According to great Nature's plan,
 For truth and honour formed the creed
 Of honest, auld Glenconner gane.
 If ever honesty and truth
 In man were mix'd with mirth and glee,
 With all the gaiety of youth
 He bore them in the first degree.

Though turn'd the age of eighty-three,
 With locks as white's the drifted snaw,
 He pass'd a joke as merrily
 As he had been but twenty-twa.
 He saw religion in the light
 That every honest man should see,
 A guide to lead mankind aright
 In virtue, truth, and honesty.
 He did mean artifice despise
 That shackles up the narrow mind,
 But cherished all the social joys
 That dignify the human mind.
 Though ye had travell'd Scotland wide,
 And wal'd the people ane by ane,
 And all and all their virtue's tried,
 Ye wadna found his match again.
 His memory will lang be dear
 To all who knew the godlike man,
 Who all will drop the feeling tear
 For honest, auld Glenconner gane.

STANZAS

TO THE

MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

'Twas when the summer gloaming gray
 Was stealing o'er the knove and plain,
 To still the labours of the day,
 And give the wearied rest again;
 When by the winding Duan I strayed,
 Its native grandeur to explore,
 I saw the loveliest, fairest maid
 That ever I had seen before.

The rose-bud spreading in the dew
 Fairer and purer couldna be,
 Her cheek was o' the crimson hue,
 And love was sparkling in her eye.
 Her heart, where truth and honour lay,
 The parent's hope, the lover's joy,
 Did every female grace display,
 And every social, friendly tie.

The linnets on the leafy spray,
 Their evening's carols sweetly sang,
 And gently did the zephyrs play
 To bear the genial notes along.

And fondly did my Kathrine stray,
 To join the warblers in the grove,
 And sweetly sang the evening lay
 In all the hallowed strains of love.

Her minstrel hand the note could swell,
 To lull the dreary hours away,
 And ay her numbers did excel,
 When she attun'd the vocal lay :
 But these delightful scenes, no more
 Can please a broken heart like mine ;
 The mellow thrush—the sprightly flower—
 They idly sing, they idly shine.

For Kathrine, dearer to my breast,
 Than aught the world can bestow,
 Is slumbering in the bed of rest,
 Among her kindred dust below :
 And ay I will the grave revere
 That Kathrine's sacred dust contains,
 And bathe the turf with many a tear,
 That humbly wraps her dear remains.

BONAPARTE'S DEATH.

YE monarchs of Europe rejoice,
And all who are in the persuasion,
That rulers, though foolish or wise,
Are born to the high situation ;
For Bonaparte now is no more,
The pest of your pride and your pleasures,
Ye'll tremble no more at his power,
Or cringe to his turbulent measures.

When the French took a whim to be free,
To have rulers of their own appointing,
Such monarchs they hated to see
As were made by mysterious anointing :
Then they vented their fury and wrath
On aught that was priestly or royal,
And thousands were butchered to death,
Without even the sham of a trial.

Then Bonaparte rose like a star,
 Which mankind had little expected ;
 And war, and the horrors of war,
 By his talents and skill were directed :
 And millions of people were slain
 In the strife between right and ambition,
 Whether freedom triumphant should reign,
 Or bow to tyrannic oppression.

While a patriot he seem'd for to be,
 With his success we all were elated,
 For mankind are born to be free,
 As tyrants are born to be hated :
 But whenever he grasped at a crown,
 And his banners of empire unfurled,
 We dreaded his martial renown,
 As a blind for enslaving the world.

Perhaps not the annals of man
 Have recorded a chief to exceed him,
 He shined as the soul of a plan
 To give mankind their rights and their freedom.
 Though he seem'd to give strength to its cause,
 That cause he did shamefully sully,
 For he butcher'd our freedom and laws
 On the altar of pride and of folly.

—

John Gregg is dead.

Could his exceed:

To life indeed :

That's lately dead.

But this obtain'd him many a foe,
The hypocrite, the rake and beau,
Who did not wish their whims to know,
His powers did dread,
And glory in the overthrow
Of him that's dead.

Had Johnnie's principles been right,
He might have been a preacher bright,
But he belonged to that new-light
Self-working breed,
That long has been inclin'd to slight
John Calvin's creed.

Hence, he was rank'd among the chief
Of those to scripture-warnings deaf,
For heresy and unbelief
Composed his creed,
Which true believers should with grief
And hatred dread.

But ye were forc'd to own him kind,
And ne'er to human misery blind,
Bore no resentment in his mind,
And guile or greed
Was never with the failings join'd
Of him that's dead.

The scriptures certainly were given
 As rules of life, to men from Heaven ;
 But now they are so strangely riven,
 With mystic creed,
 Ane scarcely kens what to believe in,
 Or what to dread.

And strange to think that sacred word,
 Should handling and pretexts afford
 To shake the bigot's bloody sword
 Above that head,
 Who does not seem to serve the Lord,
 As they decreed.

But John maintain'd an honest breast,
 In all professions, was the best,
 'Twas it alone that stood the test,
 And took the lead,
 And would be ultimately bless'd
 In every creed.

And whate'er may be our pretence
 To either science or to sense,
 To reason, wit, or eloquence,
 Or strength or speed,
 Death lays them a' asleep at ance
 Amang the dead.

For what is life, 'tis but a len',
Which soon must be restored again,
And the best as well's the worst of men
Have cause to dread,
A something at their latter end
That's dark indeed.

PROLOGUE

OF THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

AS SPOKEN WHEN ACTED BY A COMPANY OF VILLAGERS.

—

IN former times, if oral tales be true,
Mankind were happier than they are now,
To rural occupation solely bred,
They were not vex'd with luxury and trade :
Were strangers to the dissipated ways,
That is our country's cut-throat now-a-days.
Indeed, the picture which our Ramsay drew
Induces us to think the tales are true.
There men and life are happily pourtrayed,
Where vice alone is thrown into the shade ;
No manners there to fascinate the heart,
And then the thoughtless ways of youth pervert :
To every sacred truth they stood in awe,
And were not forced to be upright by law.

See youthful Pate, that scoured along the hill,
Installed in knighthood, yet as guiltless still ;
Retain his friendship that he formed in youth,
And faithful to his vows of love and truth :
That world's gear, that wild ambition fires,
Did not inflate his soul with new desires ;

The lovely Peggy of his youthful breast,
 Is made his bride, and with his fortune blest,
 And she in all the bloom of youthful charms,
 With equal love her glowing bosom warms.
 And good Sir William come from war and toil,
 To end his days upon his native soil,
 Perceives their passion and their flame approves,
 Gives both his blessing—crowns their mutual loves.
 Such scenes as these presented to our view,
 We pause and wonder if the picture's true;
 Compared with the enormity of crimes,
 That are the just reproach of modern times.
 We give the preference to the time that's past,
 And nurse the happy picture in our breast.

This night we represent upon the stage
 The ways and manners of that happy age;
 We humbly beg your patience not your praise;
 For we are 'prentices at acting plays;
 And what may seem to be the worst disaster,
 We all are 'prentices without a master:
 We know the self-conceited snarling beak
 Will turn the critic—call it flat and low;
 Devoid of every thing like real merit;
 Beneath the notice of a man of spirit.
 But you, the audience, must be less severe,
 Expect no Roscius in our acting here,
 But look upon us in a friendly way,
 The village actors of a rural play.

EPITAPH

TO

JOHN DICK, LATE IN DALCAIRNY.

Here lies a man who never told a lie,
Nor ever took the name of God in vain :
Was never deaf unto the orphan's cry,
Nor ever slow in mitigating pain.

The world's frowns did ne'er depress his soul :
The world's sweets did never make him proud :
He knew that fate did all his ways controul,
And to his destinies he humbly bowed.

He saw a God all-powerful, wise and just,
Supremely gracious in redeeming love ;
In these he put his confidence and trust,
For everlasting grace and rest above.

THE INVASION.

WHILE Monsieur is vowing our nation he'll ruin,
 Deprive us of freedom, our monarch and a',
 His restless Convention declare their intention
 Nae mair to let Britons of liberty blaw :
 Their flat-bottomed vermin along the coast swarming,
 Are ready to bring the invaders awa ; [men
 But our brave British freemen, both landsmen and sea-
 Will fall at their posts e'er they flinch them awa.

Our dear happy island, where commerce is smiling,
 Where freedom says this is my country by law ;
 Our laws are as mild as the heart of a child,
 And the sway of our Monarch is milder than a' :
 Our free constitution, since Will's revolution,
 Deserves our support, our attachment and a' ;
 Whoe'er wont protect it should not be respected,
 But hiss'd like a thief from our country awa.

But Monsieur take care, of old England beware,
 For her children are ready to rise at a ca' ;

Your fop-doodle breeding and montebank cleeding,
 John Bull he abhors your flagaries and a':
 Yet if, through persuasion, you try the invasion,
 To please your great Consul, convention and a',
 Redd up your affairs for your wives and your heirs,
 For if ance you come owre you will ne'er get awa.

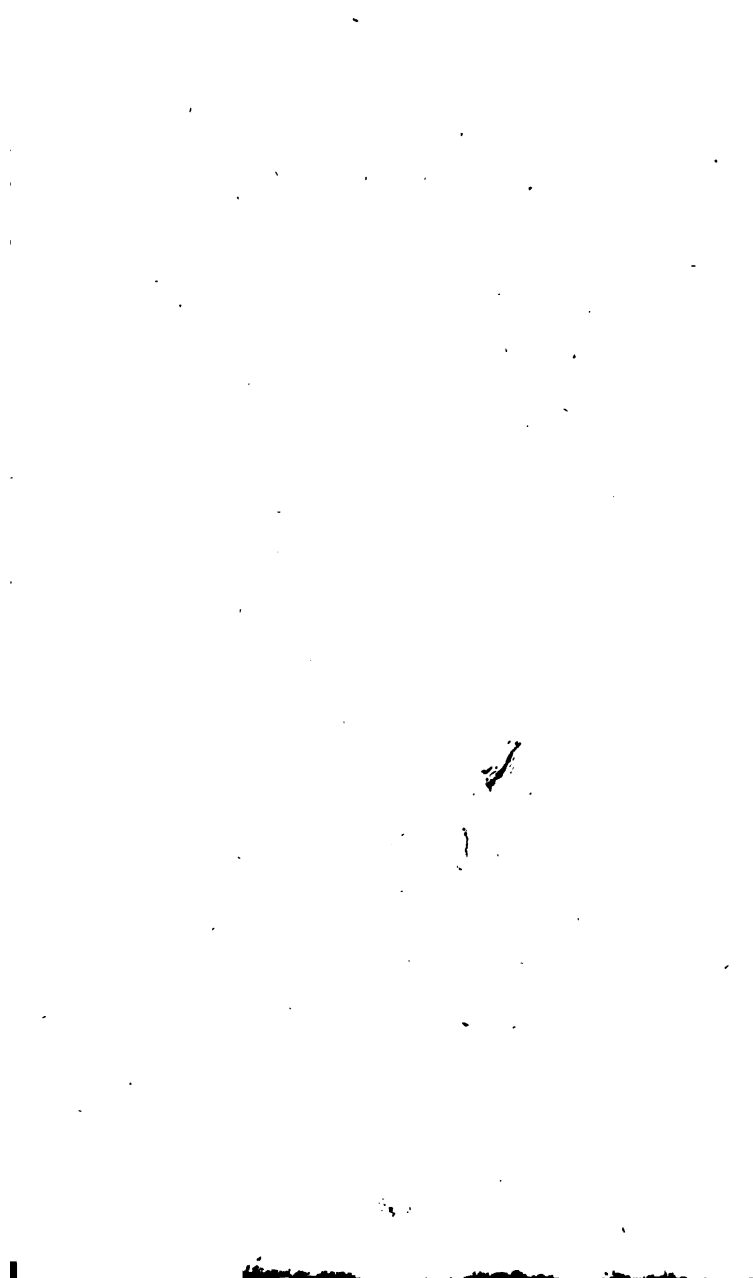
And if to the north you would then sally forth, [draw,
 There the chiefs their brave clans to the battle will
 For Scotchmen are ready to fight like their daddies,
 Repelling with fury Danes, Romans and a':
 They'll follow their leaders against the invaders,
 Nae dangers in war will make them turn awa;
 Ye proud Gallic legions who visit these regions,
 Remember Sir Ralph and the auld Forty-twa.

But you, neighbour Pat, sir, what would you be at, sir,
 Nae mortal on earth understands you ava;
 Tho' one party's loyal, the other stands trial
 And hanged are for traitors to country and law.
 But Paddy be wise man, take Sawney's advice, man,
 Stand firm as a rock to your twin brothers twa;
 Despise the intrusions of Gallic delusions,
 Be true to your Monarch and Erin-go-bragh.

Ye sons of sweet Coila, your hearts they will boil a',
 To think of your freedom by France ta'en awa,

Still may you* inherit brave Wallace's spirit,
'To fight for your country, and conquer or fa',
If friendship pervade us, tho' Frenchmen invade us,
We will make them repent that they tried it ava ;
With Macadam and Oswald, Fullarton and Boswell,
We'll pound them to dust their convention and a'.

* The above-named Gentlemen were Commanders of Volunteer Corps in the vicinity of the author's residence.



SONGS.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

How pleasant were our infant years,
How guiltless were our joys,
When mix'd with less intruding cares
That a' our peace destroys :
Nae crimes within our youthful breasts
To sorrow or repine,
For then we weré completely blest
In auld lang-syne.

The youthful heart unknown to guile,
Nae fraud nor cunning knew,
To garnish hatred with a smile,
Or falsehood with a view :

We loved our friend, we loved our lass,
 Without a dark design,
 And knew not what resentment was
 In auld lang syne.

We blythely hail'd the purple morn,
 Upon yon mountain brow,
 Or rallied round the milk-white thorn
 Our pastimes to renew :
 In a' our sports, in a' our plays,
 Wherein we strave to shine,
 We never felt remorse in days
 Of auld lang syne.

But soon the days of youthful mirth
 Evanish anil decay,
 And age and care are ushered forth
 To claim the gloomy sway :
 And even though age its joys bestow,
 The rarest of their kind,
 They never make the bosom glow
 Like auld lang syne.

Thy silver streams of bonnie Doon,
 How dear they were to me,
 And still it is my chiefest boon
 To roam thy vallies free :

Yet a' your fields so richly drest,
 Wi' flowers so gay and fine,
 They never touch the anxious breast
 Like auld lang syne.

But why has youth a fund of joy
 That is to age denied,
 Or why can age the bliss destroy,
 And set the charm aside :
 Our infant cares we soon forget,
 Its joys we keep in mind,
 And then in age we weep and fret
 For auld lang syne.

But let us bear wi' warl's care,
 As well as wi' its joy,
 And let nae cares or crosses here
 Our happiness destroy :
 But, ay let friendship, love, and truth,
 Around our hearts entwine,
 And ay we'll sing the days of youth,
 And auld langsyne.

IMPERIAL CHIT-CHAT,

OR THE

TREATY OF TILSIT:

AIR—"Johnny Macgill."

When the Chief of the North his vast armies brought
 forth,
 To teach Monsieur reason and justice and a;
 The country surrounding in mirth was abounding,
 Because of the success he gained at Elau:
 They thought all the power that the French could
 procure,
 As it rose by deceit to destruction would fa';
 Their invincible legions would starve in those regions
 Where the green sward of nature was hid in the snaw.

Poor short-sighted creatures, for that is our natures,
 We see but a wee bit afore us ava;
 For Monsieur so cunning, and dexterous at gaming,
 Regained all the glory he lost at Elau:

Then what could the Bear do, but strictly adhere to
 A plan was laid down to make one of them two,
 And the poor King of Prussia, deserted by Russia,
 Must eat the sour grapes that he pu'd at Jena.

Then hey for a dinner, where Legions of Honour
 Did serve for the cooks and the flunkies so braw;
 The Cossack and Tartar did plunder ilk quarter
 For spoil for themselves and their masters and a';
 The principal guest was the Chief of the West,
 So matchless at minching of kingdoms so sma';
 And the next at the feast was the Chief of the East,
 With his grooms and his guards from their mountains
 Of snaw.

When the guests were all seated the chiefs had invited,
 The Chief of the West give directions to a';
 Whatever he mov'd by the rest was approv'd;
 What he said was revered by the rest as a law:
 "Friend Saunders" quoth he, "were you guided by
 me,

All Europe we'll split and divide it in twa;
 And ye'll have the east, but the whole of the west
 Must be mine, with the trade and the shipping and a'."

Poor Saunders agreed to whatever was said,
 And was proud he was growing so rich and so braw,

And began by repeating his paction with Britain,
 But this put the Corsican Chief in a thraw :
 Says he, " that's an island, whene'er it is my land,
 " As sure to my arms it must speedily fa',
 " I'll torture and rack them, I'll rob and ransack them,
 " For I hate both their king, and their people and a'.

" The Swede and the Dane, we'll unite them like men,
 " Their ships wi' your ain in conjunction we'll draw ;
 " This great Baltic fleet with the Dutch one we'll meet,
 " Full of troops to auld Scotland we'll hoist them awa :
 " Those of Lisbon and Spain I'll mix with my ain,
 " And the Pats in rebellion will welcome us a' ;
 " Then the people of Britain for fear may be sweating,
 " For I'm d——d but I'll conquer e'er I come awa."

But look to the sequel, Great Britain is equal
 In cooking her plans wi' the best of them a',
 For she captur'd at ance the whole fleet of the Danes,
 And from Lisbon she brought a' their shipping awa.
 The great Benevento may preach to his junta,
 Of the strength of his empire may brag and may blaw,
 And Bona may whistle, for the rose and the thistle
 Will twine and defy his convention and a'.

ROLL ON LOVELY DOON.

Air—"Lord Montgomerie's seven sons."

Roll on lovely Doon amang thy green vallies,
 The fields which I used to adore,
 I will wander beside you and weep in the willows
 Where my Billy did wander before.

My Billy was handsome with manners adorning,
 The sport of the youths on the lawn;
 He was fresh as a rose in a sweet summer's morning
 Embathed in the dews of the dawn.

The lamb on the mountain could not be more artless;
 The dove no more constant than he;
 When the gaudy assembled in night-brawling parties,
 My Billy came always to me.

Then my bosom would swell with the heavenly emotion
 Which glowed so guiltless and free,
 When he would declare with a true love devotion
 He was fondly enraptured with me.

When the work of the day in the meadows was over,
 By the light of the pale silver moon,
 I would wander and chat with my true-hearted lover
 Amang the sweet windings of Doon.

Or when we reclined to escape the mild showers
 In the bield of the gay flowery thorn, [bowers
 He would chaunt like a thrush in the sweet-scented
 As he welcomes the grey-eyed morn.

Alas ! he did sail to a far distant nation,
 Embossed in the white-rolling wave,
 Where the sons of the wealthy divide the plantations
 Where my Billy got nought but a grave.

The sailors burst out in a heart-felt emotion,
 ' Our messmate, alas ! is no more',
 And wept, as they weighed to return 'cross the ocean,
 For the youth they entombed on the shore.

Since the scourge of the climes has destroyed the
 The blossom by right that was mine; [blossom;
 May the sand that entombs him lie light on his bosom,
 Where enraptured I used to recline.

KATE OF BOGIE.

AIR—" *Could Kail in Aberdeen.*"

The night had gently edged away
 Beyond the western ocean,
 Aurora tinged with purple ray,
 Gave nature fresh emotion :
 The rake who shuns the light of day
 Had finished his last cogie,
 When thro' the fields I hied away,
 To th' bonnie haughs of Bogie.

The lazy mist o'erspread the lawn,
 The cottage and the palace,
 Till by the orient breezes blawn
 Frae Bogie's fertile vallies :
 There I espied beside a tree,
 With her pipe, her crook, and dogie,
 Tending sheep wi' rural glee,
 My Kate the pride of Bogie.

Her face was of the fairest hue
 With ilka grace adorning,
 Like roses blushing in the dew
 When Phoebus shades the morn'ing :

And then her heart, so free of guile
 Was neither sour nor vogie,
 Would undesigning sweetly smile
 On a' the swains of Bogie.

The birds were chaunting in the bower,
 Ilk to its loyng marrow,
 While she attuned her vocal power
 To sing of Tweed and Yarrow :
 When thus her charms give true delight,
 May ill befa' the rogie,
 Who in his bosom carries spite
 Or guile to Kate of Bogie.

Were I as rich as I am poor,
 I'd make her queen of Bogie;
 But love shall with my life endure,
 For she's welcome t' my cogie :
 Kings may reign with powerful sway,
 And courtiers dress sae vogie,
 But I'm as proud and bless'd as they,
 With Kate the pride of Bogie.

only could she to new
 a minute so long all day
 with all at guile and love
 a minute so long all day

SLEEPING MAGGIE.

Rise Meg and let me in,
 For sair and dour the winds are blowing,
 The sleet has wet me to the skin,
 And cauld and stiff my joints are growing;
 The lightning cleaves the gloomy skies,
 The thunder shakes the height and hollow,
 Stern horror in the tempest flies,
 And loud and eerie is its bellow.

Rise Meg and let me in,
 For louder still the winds are roaring,
 The burn adown the craggie linn
 Is a' its foamy vengeance pouring;
 The moon has set behind the hill,
 The night its blackest screen is drawing,
 The wind is howling louder still,
 The sleet is thick and thicker fa'ing.

And O Meg how could you swear
 Eternal love unto your Willie,
 Then leave him wretched to despair
 A victim to your pride and folly;
 His voice grew feeble on the blast,
 His artless tongue began to falter,
 He spoke, but feebly spoke his last,
 Sweet Meg, sweet Meg, how could you alter.

Sweet Meg awoke out o' a dream :
A dream where she was sore affrighted :
She thought she heard her lover scream
In some wild wood or glen benighted :
She sought him lang in grief and pain,
And found him in the willowy bogie,
But cauld and lifeless was the swain
Whose heart was true and leel to Maggie.

SONG.

AIR—"Gloomy winter's now awa."

Where Doon pours forth her liquid stores,
And thro' the glens and caverns roars,
Dashing on the hazley shores

And rocks sae steep and eerie O :
There on the shelving river side,
Fair Catherine dwells in virgin pride,
Whose beauty decks the country side,
As roses deck the briery O.

The blossoms spreading on the tree,
Sae fair and pure could scarcely be,
Her heart frae guile and malice free,

Was ever blythe and cheery O :
O were she o' a low degree
To tend the sheep and goats wi' me,
The cares o' life wad lighter be,
My heart wad never weary O.

The winter winds might rave and blaw
Their drifted flakes o' sleet and snaw,
Fair July wad pervade them a'

In presence o' my dearie O :
O sweet as roses newly blawn,
And blythe as warblers in the dawn
May Catherine range the spreading lawn,
Where Doon rows on sae clearly O.

SONG.

ARTLESS JEAN.

Air—“Coming thro’ the rye.”

Tho’ saftly smiles the morning fair
 Upon the grassy lea,
 And sweetly sing the warbling pair
 Upon the leafy tree :
 Yet sweeter far, my artless Jean,
 Thy plaintive sang to me,
 Thy face sae fair, and modest mien
 Ha’e tied my heart to thee.

O early did my bosom feel
 The tender melting glow,
 Before my youthful tongue could tell
 If it were love or no :
 And with my age the passion grew
 Sae guileless and sae free,
 Nae change my artless bosom knew,
 I ay was fond o’ thee.

It was na dress nor gaudy shew
That could my passion sway,
Nor aught that riches can bestow
That stole my heart away ;
Nae rank, nae power, nae warl's gear
Ava belonged to thee,
But ye were artless, young and fair,
And that was a' to me.

The rose its fragrant sweets may tine,
And a' its bloom decay,
The bloom that decks this cheek o' thine
May also fade away ;
Yet still the charm that ye possess,
Which warmed my heart to thee,
Will ay endear thee to my breast,
And ay will bloom to me.

THE ISLE OF THE WAVE.

AIR,—“ *The life of poor Jack.* ”

I was born and brought up in the county of Ayr,
 Who sing you this wonderful tale,
 I chanced once to go to a mid-summer's fair
 My friend and my lass to regale ;
 Where I saw a few sailors the town beating through,
 The fellows looked martial and brave,
 They tipt me a wink with a bumper of blue,
 And ask'd me what bounty I'd have ;
 They gave me enough and we swigg'd at the grog,
 For my bounty in liquor I gave,
 And sent all my cares and my sorrows agog,
 And joined with the tars of the wave.

I fought with brave Duncan upon the Dutch shore,
 Where gallantly he did behave,
 We fought all like lions, what could we do more,
 And dabbled nick-frog in the wave ;
 De Winter behaved like a tar of the main
 His country and honour to save,
 He fought till the most of his sailors were slain
 Ere he struck to the isle of the wave ;

But Duncan from fighting would never refrain,
 Till De Winter for mercy would crave,
 And when he saw all his resistance was vain,
 He struck to the isle of the wave.

The next time in battle it was on the Nile,
 With Nelson the valiant and brave,
 From my country and sweetheart was long in exile,
 And all for the isle of the wave;
 The French they had plundered from sea unto sea,
 And long we pursued them in vain,
 They still from our justice and vengeance did flee,
 And still we pursued on the main;
 Till we caught them a-hiding in Aboukir bay,
 Their fleet and their glory to save,
 Where they gave both their fleet and their glory away
 To Nelson the tar of the wave.

I lastly with Nelson blockaded Toulon,
 Where Monsieur was cooped in the bay,
 When he slipt out to Cadiz and joined with the Don,
 From our vengeance got skulking away;
 But Nelson determined to drub them once more,
 And determined were all of his crews, [shore,
 So we caught them and drubbed them on Trafalgar
 And captured the proud Villeneuve,
 With the whole of his fleet and the glory of Spain
 All struck to our hero so brave,
 But ah! in that battle our Nelson was slain,
 The glory and star of the wave.

And now let me draw from the feeling a tear,
And sighs from the valiant and brave,
In compassion to those whose relations so dear
Did fall for the isle of the wave ;
The widow can see her dear husband no more,
Nor the orphan its parent and stay ;
Nor Nelson whose virtues you all must adore,
They all are consigned to the clay ;
But the praises of Nelson and Duncan I'll sing
Till like them I'm entombed in the grave ;
And since I can't fight for my country and king
I'll pray for the isle of the wave.

The above song was composed and sung at the acting of the .
Gentle Shepherd for the behoof of the widows and orphans of
those who fell in the battle of Trafalgar.

BRITISH FREEDOM.

WRITTEN DURING THE LATE SPANISH REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

AIR—"Garb of old Gaul,"

When the French at our freedom and rights struck
 the blow,
 The kings and the states of this earth to o'erthrow,
 Then freedom, excepting to plunder and rob,
 Was banished or nearly exiled from the globe;
 Yet still in our country it was sheltered and grew,
 Which the French nor the world could never subdue,
 Tho' Bonaparte with deadly art struck deeply at its
 cause
 And madly swore he would come o'er to alter our laws.

But to part with our rights we would never agree,
 For the sons of Britannia are born to be free,
 And freedom and right in our country will reign,
 Or we'll fa' wi' the brave in the fields of the slain;
 The foes of our country we vanquished and slew,
 And we reared up our rights and our freedom anew,
 Nor tyranny,
 Nor treachery,
 Will make us flinch its cause,
 Or cringe 'to those,
 Who would propose
 To alter our laws.

Tho' the powers of the north with the French are
combined

For to *slaughter* our rights and give laws to mankind,
Yet Britain will stand like a rock in the wave
The dread of the tyrants and shield of the brave ;
And her sons for her liberty their sabres will draw,
With their blood they will perfect their rights and
their law,

And bravely fa'

At freedom's ca'

Or triumph in its cause

And defy the earth

To wrang their worth

Or alter their laws.

THE MOON, &c. &c.

The moon, in the gentle decline of her powers,
 Did modestly blink on the dale,
 The hawthorn and primrose bedecked with flowers,
 So sweetly did wave on the gale ;
 When I hied me away to the sweet scented grove,
 Where I used with my Phillis to stray,
 To impart to her heart the soft breathings of love
 Which Phillis has nurs'd to betray.

Nor long I remained in the gay flowery shade
 Till Phillis again did appear,
 My arms I entwined them around this fair maid,
 The pangs of my heart to declare :
 Oh why is my Phillis inconstant to me,
 Or why gave she ear to my tale,
 Ensnaring a heart that was artless and free,
 Then leave me a wretch to bewail.

How oft have I strayed in the gay rosy morn
 To meet lovely Phill in the grove, [thorn,
 Where the songsters that warbled their notes in the
 Rejoined in the tales of our love ;
 The joys of the gaudy I spurned them away,
 Their pleasures were listless to me,
 My greatest delight was in private to stray
 In the fields lovely Phillis with thee.

How fondly I listened when Phillis did speak,
 My heart how it glowed when she sung,
 And gazed on the sweet blushing rose on your cheek,
 That stole on the artless and young ;
 When Phillis did smile I was tranquil and gay
 When she wept it was sadness to me,
 The tears from your bosom I kissed them away
 And wept as in concert with thee.

No more will I deck lovely Phillises' brow
 With gay flowery twigs from the grove,
 Because lovely Phillis has broken her vow,
 That she made to be constant in love ;
 For love in your bosom did transiently glow,
 While it glowed sincerely in mine,
 Ye slighted the charms which I had to bestow
 When fondly I doated on thine.

No more in the meadows with Phillis I'll stray,
 No more in the haunts of the dale,
 In sorrow I'm forced from Coila away
 My fate in exile to bewail ;
 In the dance I will lead lovely Phillis no more
 With a heart that was loving and true,
 The bark that conveys me is weighed from the shore,
 So Phillis for ever adieu.

BONNIE WESTLAND JEAN.

Blythe was she, blithe was she,
 Blythe was sweet westland Jean,
 Mild Aurora found her heart,
 And Phœbus left it mild at e'en :
 The dew had scarcely left the grass,
 As thro' the fields I chanc'd to pass,
 I met this modest bonnie lass,
 Come skiffing o'er the dewy green.

The primrose when it buds in May,
 Unto Aurora's purple ray,
 To welcome in the verdant day,
 Was like the face of bonnie Jean ;
 The wretch who would this maid betray,
 Or wile her artless heart away,
 May envy lead his hateful way
 Frae 'mang the sons of honest men.

Quoth I, sweet maid, my heart is thine,
 And fain would I that yours were mine ;
 She blushed and looked amaisht divine,
 And own'd that she was a' my ain ;

Tho' malice howl her spite on me,
Tho' from misfortune seldom free,
A smiling blink o' Jeanie's e'e,
Would make me ay most blest of men.

And tho' your bloom will fade in age,
Your manners they will still engage,
And feeling temper will assuage,
The greatest grief and greatest pain:
But Jeanie I will fade from thee,
For age will likewise press on me,
But till could death shall glaze our e'e,
Our mutual love we'll ay retain.

TAMMIE'S COURTSHIP.

AIR—"My boy Tammie."

O ilka lad o' single life, attention unto Tammie,
 I'll tell you how I got a wife, and how she left her
 mammie,
 And how the neighbours ca'd me ill—a cheating,
 lying, raking chiel,
 While in my heart I was as leal and guiltless as a
 lammie.

I went unto her mother's door chapping for my lammie,
 'Twas at the silent midnight hour, I thought nae body
 saw me,
 But deil-ma-care, some clashing horn had it thro'
 all the village borne,
 That I was out frae e'en till morn, kissing wi' my
 lammie.

But let them a' say what they will, it's a' ane to
 Tammie,
 For I am kind and constant still, whatever they may
 ca' me,
 I've ta'en this maid unto my arms, to feast upon her
 lovely charms,
 And while sweet life my bosom warms, she'll ay be
 my lammie.

When last I went to see this maid, she blush'd
whene'er she saw me,

She was in rural weeds arrayed, and spinning wi'
her mammie;

Her face was like the opening day, beaming forth so
mild and gay,

Or roses blooming in sweet May, my ain kind lammie.

I asked her to be my wife, to come and lea'e her
mammie,

And live a happy humble life in wedlock wi' her
Tammie;

Tho' age will drive our youth away, and every thing
that's flush and gay,

Yet when our heads grow auld and grey ye'll ay be
my lammie.

Quoth she, I am by far too young to wed and lea'e
my mammie,

Nor can I trust your honey-tongue for a' the loves
ye ca' me;

I dare not trust to what ye say, ye only smile for to
betray,

And when my character's away, then farewell my
Tammie.

I flung my arms around her waist, in presence of her
mammie,

My heart was sair wi' grief opprest, to think she
doubted Tammie,

I swore by all the Powers above, if e'er I did un-
constant prove

Or false, unto my ain true love, may every ill befa'
me.

Then, Tammie, since ye are sae true, I think I'll
lea'e my mammie,

I'll to the kirk and wed wi' you, but guid sake do not
draw me;

I loos'd my grip and did not draw, and mildly Mary
came awa,

Was buckled to me by the law, to 'cuddle wi' her
Tammie.

THE VAGRANT SEAMAN.

Ye landmen give ear to a seafaring stranger,
Who claims your protection as justly his due,
When my duty required I shrunk not from danger,
That threatened my king and my country and you.
With Duncan I fought, and the world may say
That a braver than Duncan ne'er fought on the main
From Belgium we wrested the Trident away,
Which, in spite of the world, we still will retain.

With Nelson I fought for my countrymen's right,
And with truth I may add with my countrymen's pride,
And tho' carnage and slaughter were ne'er my delight,
Yet I'm proud to relate that I fought by his side.
But honour and glory what are they to me,
They are phantoms I eagerly fought for indeed,
But you see my reward, I'm unable for sea,
I am wounded, and forced for to beg for my bread.

If my earnings afford me a glass to be cheerie,
To drink down the griefs that are still in my view,
And shuffle my woes, and forget that I'm weary,
Or sing of the feats of some gallant ship's crew ;

Then I'm huff'd by the street-boys, and stoned by the
rabble, *

By the godly themselves I'm hiss'd from the door,
As one that deserves to be flogged with a cable,
Because I am homeless and drunken and poor.

Yet, believe me, good fellows, tho' mean is my station,
Tho' my life and my conduct you censure and blame,
It is I, and the like, are the noble foundation
On which Nelson built all his glory and fame :
And how it must wound the proud heart of a seaman
To be huff'd like a rascal from street unto street,
While it should be the pride of each true-hearted
freeman

To bear with his whims and give shoes to his feet.

SALLY WI' THE SMILING E'E.

When summer spreads her mantle green,
 And Nature smiling fresh and fair,
 The beauties of the varied scene
 Charm every tranquil bosom there ;
 But a' the beauties of the field,
 Profusely grand and fair to see,
 Can nae such joys or pleasure yield,
 As lovely Sally's smiles to me.

The rose that sips the silver dew,
 And gaily greets the purple morn,
 The feathered songsters fair to view,
 That warbles in the milk-white thorn ;
 Or a' the lasses far and near,
 The high as well's the low degree,
 Can not with lovely Sall compare,
 The lassie wi' the smiling e'e.

How often in the birchen bowers
 I sauntered with my Sally there,
 And gaily wove the tinted flowers .
 In garlands to her gowden hair ;

And fondly spoke and fondly sung,
In rural mirth and rural glee,
And fondly to her bosom clung,
To catch the glances of her e'e.

The bee may cease to haunt the flowers,
The rose to deck the thorny brier,
The warblers may forsake the bower,
And silent pine the lee-lang year ;
The bounding roe may cease to rove,
And frisk upon the verdant lea,
But I will never cease to love
Fair Sally wi' the smiling e'e.



BONNIE BELL.

Turn,—*Thy I have seen the day.*

When first I saw my bonnie Bell,
 Sae artless, young and shy,
 A something made my bosom swell,
 But yet I know not why ;
 The blush that glow'd upon her cheek
 Was o' the crimson dye,
 Her gowden locks were saft and sleek,
 And modest was her eye.

How gay the blossoms in the morn,
 Expanding in the dew,
 How sweet the linnets in the thorn
 Exalt their voices too !
 But fairer far is bonnie Bell,
 Nae flowers can wi' her vie,
 Her voice the glowing note can swell,
 That lulls our sorrows by.

How often have I strayed along
 The flowery spangled dale,
 To hear her chime the plaintive sang,
 And lisp her artless tale;
 And wove the garlands for her brow,
 Her temples to entwine,
 The joys that made her bosom glow,
 Did doubly sae to mine.

When Bell and I in wedlock join,
 Nae either care have I,
 But to improve the spark divine
 That sweetens the silken tie:
 Perhaps we never can be rich,
 Except in social joy,
 But heaven will bestow it much
 To lovely Bell and I.

The friendship that true love imparts,
 Will round our hearts entwine,
 The pang that tears her guiltless heart
 Will doubly torture mine;
 Tho' fortune scowl upon our lot,
 Its threats we will defy,
 For peace and love will grace the cot
 Of bonnie Bell and I.

SONG.

TUNE—"Lord Gregory."

Open the door Lord Gregory,
 Thy own Matilda sighs,
 For loud the howling tempests fly,
 And lightning cleaves the skies :
 For thee I dared the midnight gloom,
 The dangers of the sea,
 And left a parent's happy home,
 And a' for love to thee.

Ah ! Lord Gregory you found me pure,
 And spotless as the snow,
 Of love and truth you vowed and swore,
 But did not leave me so :
 You robb'd me of the godlike gem,
 The virgin's peace from me.
 And ah ! you left me guilt and shame,
 Exiled from Heaven and thee.

Yet still tho' ye despise your vow
Of love and truth to me,
Some pity to your infant shew
That's trembling on my knee ;
For tho' my charms can please no more,
Thy bosom's so-untrue,
Oh ! shield the harmless child I bore
In guilt and shame to you.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Sherrenteen of Badenoch*,"

Mild the orient breezes blew,
 And gently fanned the leafy grove,
 The warblers sung their matins too,
 In all the hallowed strains of love ;
 Nature smiling fresh and fair
 In robes of a delightful green,
 Yet could not ease my breast o' care,
 For I had lost my bonnie Jean.

The rose and lily on her cheek
 Did all their native charms display,
 And virtue in her bosom meek
 Was smiling grander far than they ;
 The blossoms opening to the morn
 To deck the gay exalted scene,
 The warblers in the milk-white thorn
 Nae purer were than bonnie Jean.

When a' the virgins blithe and braw,
 Would dance upon the gowan'd green,
 Ilk strove to bear the gree awa,
 But strove in vain wi' bonnie Jean ;
 And when her artless sang she sung
 Among the rural happy train,
 The music of her flowing tongue
 Made a' my heart and soul her ain.

The time when Jean and I did part
The tears came gushing from her e'e,
It wrung her young, her artless heart
To bid a lang adieu to me ;
But still tho' mighty oceans roll
In all their varied forms between,
They never can divide my soul,
Or dear regard from bonnie Jean.

BONAPARTE'S EXPEDITION

TO

MOSCOW.

~~Turns~~—"Sally M'Gee."

The great Bonaparte has of late made a start,
 To the empire of Russia he's hied him awa,
 And his sole errand there was to muzzle the Bear,
 To humble his power and make harmless his paw ;
 For while any power, on the earth does endure,
 That abhors his intrigue, or makes light of his law,
 This wolf-hearted man will do a' that he can
 To plunder their gear and new-model them a'.

This trader in wives, how he schemes and contrives
 To keep a' the kingdoms of earth in a thrav,
 He has plundered the Don of his freedom and throne,
 And the Dutch he has beggar'd to naething ava ;
 That numskull in Berlin maun thole a' his snarling,
 The dupe o' Vienna maun bear wi' his jaw ;
 Tho' a potentate born, and to enmity sworn,
 Yet he gied him his daughter to soutber up a'.

And now Sawny, Bruin's selected for ruin,
 The vengeance of France he maun bear wi' it a ;
 For he still had the will to befriend Johnnie Bull,
 And that could admit o' nae pardon ava ;

He set great Moscow in an ocean o' lowe,
 Its vast population to ruin must fa',
 Those spar'd from the flame, to Bonaparte's shame,
 They are reft of a home and maun starve in the snaw.

Could recent defeats and disgraceful retreats,
 The Powers of the north from their lethargy draw,
 His glory might shine on the west of the Rhine,
 But his troops would be still like their friends at
 Moskwa;

He rose from the field a great sceptre to wield,
 Made plunder his system and carnage his law,
 But, like ill-gotten gear, it may soon disappear,
 And his third generation may beg for it a'.

Yet should new campaigns give him all the domains,
 From Cape Finisterre to the regions of snaw,
 While yet our wee isle can wi' liberty smile,
 His heart dire distruction and vengeance will know;
 While our State can secure bread and brose to the poor,
 Tho' the dainties o' life are but seldom and sma',
 The French may invade, but a grave will be made
 To their conquest, their glory, their tyrant and a'.

SONG.

TUNE—" *Carlin is your daughter ready.*"

Willie he cam owre the shaw,
 To woo a maid to be his lady,
 He was na rich but yet was braw,
 His easy air seemed always gaudy;
 "Miller," quoth he, "your daughter's charms
 " Did captivate me while a laddie,
 " And now in wedlock's happy arms,
 " To take the virgin I am ready.

" I am nae laird, I am nae lord,
 " To get a chaise unto my lady,
 " But what my wages can afford
 " They're always at her service ready;
 " An honest heart is all I have,
 " 'Twas a' was left me by my daddie,
 " It freely unto her I give,
 " So miller, is your daughter ready?"

" I'll rise ilk morning by the dawn,
 " To work for wages to my lady,
 " And she, like simmer roses blawn,
 " Will rise to make our victuals ready;
 " The sun on his diurnal round,
 " Will always find us true and steady,
 " Nae malice shall our pleasure wound,
 " So miller, is your daughter ready?"

The miller spoke it with a smile,

“ Dear Willie here's my daughter ready,

“ But I will not your heart beguile,

“ I've nought to give to make a lady ;

“ I taught her from her early youth

“ To be in virtue always steady,

“ She knows but innocence and truth,

“ But Willie, here's my daughter ready.”

Willie blushed to hear the tale,

He blushed to see his bonnie lady,

For love did in his heart prevail,

And he, in truth, was also steady ;

He got the virgin by the hand,

So modest, blooming, mild and gaudy,

Was bound in wedlock's happy bands,

Unto the miller's daughter ready.

SONG.

TUNE—"Maid of Isla."

The ouzle* lone its notes resuming,
 Gladly hails the purple morn;
 The fragrant sweets the air perfuming
 Are on the breezes gently borne;
 The peasants of the moorland vallies,
 Their rural work once more begun,
 With hearts untinged with guilt or malice,
 Blythely greet the morning sun.

There young Nancy is the dearest
 That my bosom ever knew,
 Among them a' she is the fairest,
 And she is the kindest too;
 Her heart's as pure's the crimson flower
 Blushing in the morning dew,
 The pride of all the vernal bower,
 Is nae fairer to the view.

* The Ring Ouzle is a bird something like what is called a Stanekacker, with a voice equal to a Blackbird, but cannot be taught any thing except its own notes. It is found in the most wild and sequestered places.

If young Nancy blythe and bonnie,
 Would consent to dwell wi' me,
 I would be as kind as ony
 Swain in a' the land could be ;
 The ills of life may wring her bosom,
 And seem to blast her blooming charms,
 Still I'll shield this lovely blossom,
 And nurse the tendril in my arms.

Poor and lonely may our dwelling
 To the sons of wealth appear,
 Still within our humble shieling
 We'll be blythe and happy there ;
 For a' the graces of her heart
 Will aye the charms of youth renew,
 And aye my bosom will impart
 Like charms into my Nancy's too.

SONG.

SMILE AS YOU WERE WONT TO DO.

Smile as you were wont to do,
And soothe my bursting breast to rest,
The charms of youthful love renew
That long, long made my bosom blest;
And do not thus a bosom tear
That fraud or falsehood never knew,
Nor slight the lover's vow sincere,
But smile as you were wont to do.

Could I forget thy youthful smile,
That stung my artless bosom through,
I might be happy, happy still,
Even tho' I were despised by you;
But tear me from my native soil,
Unto the sea's most distant shore,
And there to recollect that smile,
It only would distress me more.

The loveliest of woman-kind,
If their's a lovelier than thee,
Make no impression on my mind,
They never move a sigh on me;

But still to thee my bosom warms,
Which time or place could ne'er subdue,
The more that I survey your charms
The more I am enraptured too.

O tell me, tell me, lovely fair,
Will ye renew the godlike tie,
Restore me to your bosom dear,
And spare my breast the rending sigh;
For He that all our secrets know,
Can testify my heart is true,
And while it has a throb to throw,
'Twill be in love alone with you.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

When youth did in my bosom bloom,
 My breast from care and trouble free,
 I little dream'd that aught would come
 To rob my soul of mirth and glee;
 My breast was warm unto the fair,
 Could ne'er resist the friendly ca',
 Could sing to mankind every where,
 Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

But youth is like the morning dew
 That gaily decks the verdant plain,
 A while so charming to the view,
 But soon it disappears again;
 So does our youth's endearing joys
 Evanish like the melting snaw,
 For age's weightier cares and ties
 Deceive them from the breast awa.

I fondly figured in my breast
 The hour, the happy hour, was nigh,
 In which my bosom would be blest
 Wi' a' the sweets of human joy;
 Yet still the phantom seem'd to fly,
 Regardless o' my earnest ca',

A something did my hopes destroy,
And tore them from my breast awa.

O pleasure is a gilded charm
That dazzles on the youthfu' mind,
And nurs'd within our bosoms warm,
Tho' it be fleeting as the wind ;
And should we a' the joys obtain
That's dearest to our breast ava,
Even these are so allied to pain,
As lessens our enjoyments a.'

A lordling of the first degree,
Wi' a' the sweets of life supplied,
Perhaps is not so blest as he
To whom they seemed to be denied ;
For he who is content and free
Frae guile, altho' his means be sma',
'Tis he can sing, wi' mirth and glee,
"Good night and joy be wi' you a'."



NOTES

TO THE FOREGOING POEMS AND SONGS.

THE FALL OF NESS.—(PAGE 1.)

THE present appearance of the Fall of Ness has become pretty generally known, since Loch Doon, from its attractions for the amusement of fishing trout, became a place of such general resort. It presented, however, an aspect, at the time to which some of the poems refer, very different. A huge ridge of black rock ran across the bottom of the loch over which its waters were precipitated, forming a beautiful cascade, but they were soon apparently lost in the dark bosom of a deep ravine which seemed for ever unquenched by all the liquid stores of Doon's mountain flood. About seventy years ago the Earl of Cassillis and Mr. Macadam of Craigengillan, the two proprietors, commenced a very arduous task, by cutting two large tunnels through the rock, and clearing away the ledge which formed the water-fall. The project succeeded so far as to reduce the

perpendicular height of the loch about fourteen feet ; but the land gained by the subsiding of the water was found to be of little value. The water can be stopped at pleasure by letting down two large sluices. However, when wet weather sets in suddenly and the sluices are not drawn, Loch Doon soon assumes its primitive size, and, despising the confinement of nature or art, throws, in reckless fury, its accumulated waters over the barrier rocks, rolling along in thundering majesty through clouds of foaming spray. The Glen or Craigs of Ness, through which the river passes, is about an English mile in length, having a very narrow bed, and presenting many shelving impediments, which, from the pressure and confinement, cause a fearful agitation in the waters, the beauty and grandeur of which can now be safely enjoyed from Mr. Macadam's new romantic foot-path.—The rocks on each side, which are almost perpendicular, are not less than one hundred and eighty feet high, and covered with trees, many of which, stretching across their friendly arms and blending their leafy boughs together, form a sylvan canopy for the ' Spirit of the mountain flood.'

CARSEPHAIRN FAIR.—(PAGE 5.)

The Fair of Carsephairn, alluded to in this Poem, happened in June 1689—the year after King William's accession to the throne of Great Britain.

In the persecution, which preceded that period, the inhabitants of Dalmellington and Carsephairn made a bold stand for what was called the ' Truth or the True Church on earth,' which brought the signal vengeance of Graham of Claverhouse on these two parishes. At that time a brigade of nine hundred Highlanders remained in the village

of Dalmellington for a whole summer, with which burden the inhabitants were oppressed, and on leaving it, in return for the hospitality they had received, they swept away every thing, leaving behind them starvation in every quarter.

Carsephairn Fair was instituted, by a mutual understanding between the smaller barons and the farmers, to congratulate each other on their happy release from persecution, and to look into the situation of such as had suffered most in those troublesome times.

PAGE 6, LINE 13.

There must have been events of considerable importance on the old road leading from Dalmellington to Carsephairn, as there are no fewer than five *tumuli* between these two places. The two nearest to Dalmellington were removed within these few years to form stone dykes, and on the sites of each human bones were found. The names of four of these are *Cairn Bublick*, *Cairn Annock*, *Cairn Avel*, and *Cairn Daltulluchan*. The name of the fifth seems to be forgot.

PAGE 6, LINE 17.

The dispute originated at the damming of Loch Doon, as described in this note. From the description of the state of Loch Doon in former times given in Note 1. it will be more readily understood how the damming of the water could be accomplished. At the period referred to, this sort of amusement seems to have excited a general interest, and was attended, on these public occasions, by all the

lairds and farmers in the neighbourhood." During summer, when the fall of water was not heavy, it was stopped by building a temporary dyke of turf across the rock, and the sport consisted in spearing the salmon that retreated to, and were easily taken in, the pools below. Their success was often so great that two hundred fishes have been caught in this way in one day. It was at one of these meetings that the feud between Macadam of Waterhead and Crawford of Camlarg took its origin. Tradition says that Camlarg was that day dressed in fine white stockings, a thing very rare in those times, and that, standing near the mound of turf, he received a splash on them, from Waterhead unwittingly throwing in a turf. Camlarg, thinking it was done intentionally, took it as a high affront, and swore that he would never conceive it wiped off till he had seen Waterhead's heart's blood, and, accordingly, he assembled some of his associates, and rode off to the fair of Carsephairn to put his bloody resolution into effect.

PAGE 10, LINE 5.

The Green Well of Scotland is a large excavation in a whinstone rock on the side of the water of Deuch in the neighbourhood of Carsephairn. It is about twenty feet in diameter at the mouth, and is said to have been fourteen fathoms deep, but it is now partly filled up with earth and stones. The situation of the well is beautiful and highly romantic, but how it came by the name of the Green Well is not known. It was long reputed for its medicinal virtues in cases of scurvy and other diseases of that kind, particularly in children; and it is asserted still, by people who have drank of its waters, that they possess a very

strong diuretic quality. However, its salubrious powers are now little attended to.

PAGE 13, LINE 7.

The time when Loch Doon Castle was built is uncertain, but it must have been at a very remote period. Whether it was long before Bruce's time there appears not to be any record; but it was always in his interest, and also in the interest of his sons; and it was one of a very few which never gave in to Baliol and his party. It is probable that this Castle was a shelter for Robert Bruce himself, as he was often in its neighbourhood; but we never could learn that Wallace was in that part of the country. It is as uncertain when it was demolished. It could not have fallen to decay; for the roof, which had been made of very large beams of oak, was thrown into the loch about twenty yards above the castle-wall, and is almost entire at this time. At this time there is an island not far distant from the castle called Donald isle, which is understood to have been the burying place for the castle, and the name, being a north country one, induces us to believe that it belonged to a Highland chieftain, or, probably, to a king of that name.

The name of the loch also makes it old, as *Dun* is the Erse for fort or castle. Hence the loch of the fort or the loch of the *Dun*, which is almost in unison with its present name. A few years ago three canoes were found in the loch near the castle of a very antiquated form. They were of oak, and the trees out of which they were formed must have been very large as they were wholly of solid wood. The largest of them is now in the Museum of Glasgow.

In the vicinity there has been a large forest which was called the forest of Star and Buchan. The forest of Star appears to have been burnt, as the roots and a few stobs are to be found in that part of the country. They are mostly fir and have been of large dimensions.

PAGE 20.

The Medical Friend alluded to is a Dr. Alexander Jamieson in Alloa, a native of Dalmellington, who has been very obliging in correcting and preparing this volume for the Press.

PAGE 23, LINE 5.

Dalcairney Linn is a fall of water in one of the tributaries of the Doon. It is quite unrivalled in this country as a perpendicular fall and for picturesque scenery. The water makes a leap from the top of the rock and alights about fifteen feet from the bottom, and the cascade is somewhere between thirty and forty feet high.

PAGE 23, LINE 7.

The Moat, at Dalmellington (commonly so named) is a round green knoll, about one hundred and twenty yards in circumference round the base, and fifty yards round the top. It is quite flat on the top and about forty feet high.

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